



No. 354.—VOL. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., COMMANDING HER MAJESTY'S FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.
 THE BOERS DECLARED THEMSELVES "SICK OF THE WAR" WHEN SIR REDVERS WAS ONLY AT CAPE TOWN!
 FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

THE CLUBMAN.

The difference between a Briton and a Frenchman when any national misfortune occurs is striking. The Briton feels a longing to take some personal share in retrieving the misfortune, to hit back at the enemy who has dealt the blow. The Frenchman wants to make somebody he can get at responsible and to tear him in pieces. The Briton becomes absolutely silent; the Frenchman shrieks.

In the Military Clubs the news of Sir George White's loss of the greater portion of two regiments provoked far less comment than it did in the other Clubs. "A bad business, but let us wait till we have heard the whole story before we sit in judgment," is practically what the soldiers have said, and the men who know the country round Ladysmith and have served at that place are the men who deprecate most earnestly any too-hasty blame.

One of the effects the fight at Nicholson's Nek had was to bring to the War Office on Wednesday morning an enormous number of letters from officers offering their services for South Africa. The officers on the Reserve List have almost to a man volunteered.

These are palmy times for the Militia officers who entered the auxiliary force hoping to pass into the Line. Eighty commissions were given in the immediate past to officers of the requisite age recommended by their Colonels, sixty commissions are now being given, and in the immediate future sixty more vacancies will be filled. The War Office now is finding a difficulty in securing Militia officers of the requisite age and requisite amount of service.

I hear from Brussels that Dr. Leyds is immensely busy in his bureau, which he insists on calling the Legation of the South African Republic, though no European Court recognises it as such. He has seven secretaries hard at work, and he spends most of his day in interviewing foreign journalists. The representative of one English newspaper also calls on him daily. The manufacture of the daily canards must tax the Doctor's brain, and he has, in addition, been at great pains to draw up a Constitution for the Afrikaner Republic, which is to embrace Cape Colony and Natal, and in the future existence of which Mr. Kruger's emissary has a belief. Dr. Leyds says that there are seven hundred Russians fighting against us in the Boer ranks.

The Franco-Boer Legion may be safely regarded as an indifferent French joke, and its promoters will probably eventually go to prison for obtaining money under false pretences. A patriotic and English-hating Frenchman should be found to construct an air-ship to convey the Franco-Boer Legion to Pretoria, for it will never get there by sea. A Frenchman is generally a bad sailor, and a few months spent as a prisoner on a coast-defence vessel rolling day and night in the great swell of the Indian Ocean would be a severe punishment to him.

When there was a talk of boycotting the Paris Exhibition, most level-headed Englishmen laughed at the idea. The French, however, are doing now what the Britons very wisely decided not to do, and are making life so uncomfortable for Englishmen in France that, if the outburst of Anglophobe rabies continues, the number of British visitors to the Exhibition will be few in number, and the Clubs and hotels and shops on the French Riviera will lose patronage this winter.

I have been in the habit year after year of going over to Paris at this season to see the new plays which have been produced at the theatres. I am as much at home in Paris as in London; many of my relations are French; I know and like the French people; but I am not going to spend a week in a city where insults to my country meet the eye at every kiosk on the boulevards, and where the *camelots* are selling ribald songs about our revered Queen. The sovereigns which would have gone into the cash-boxes of a hotel and some theatres will now remain in my pocket, and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of other Clubmen who feel as I feel and who will give up their autumn trip to Paris for the same reasons that I have given up mine. At least, that seems the prevalent feeling.

Rudyard Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar" is being recited throughout the length and breadth of the land, and Mrs. Tree is not the only lady who has found herself in the uncomfortable position of being the pivot of a hail of coins. May I make a suggestion to the fair reciters? All theatres have what is technically known as a "wire gauze," which is used for mists, and sometimes in fairy-scenes. If, at the close of the recitation, the gauze descended before the reciter, the audience might fling coins at her with as much goodwill as it pleased, and no harm would be done. The members of the orchestra might have a lively time, but they would doubtless be delighted to suffer in so good and eminently worthy a cause.

Everything good brings some evil as a shadow to it, and the exceeding generosity of employers to the Reserve men called out has brought grist to the mills of a number of impostors who go about representing themselves as relations of the men ordered abroad, claiming in their name the balance of wages for a broken week, or getting money under various other pretences.

Of the making of new golf-links and the establishment of new golf clubs there seems to be no end. St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, is the latest place on which the golfers have laid their hands. I am rather sorry that this should have happened, for the little village by the bay scooped out in the chalk cliffs will probably now grow into a town and the restful character of the place will vanish. It was one of few seaside spots within easy reach of London where a brain-tired man could be sure of quiet.

The Sheen House Club announces three dances during the winter, on Wednesdays, Nov. 22, Jan. 24, and Feb. 28.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

THE SURRENDER AT NICHOLSON'S NEK.

The progress of the war during last week made grave reading, for the tide of success which had hitherto attended our arms was suddenly checked. There is no good in trying to deceive ourselves in the matter, for, look at it as we may, the hard fact remains that we sustained a very serious reverse. According to the latest reports of the unfortunate circumstance, what happened was this: On Sunday night, the 29th ult., Sir George White despatched a column, consisting of No. 10 Mountain Battery, six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and four and a-half companies of the Gloucester Regiment (all under Lieut.-Colonel Carleton), to occupy a hill known as Nicholson's Nek, to the east of Ladysmith, in order to turn the enemy's right flank. While the advance was being made, the mules carrying the reserve ammunition and the guns suddenly stampeded. The Infantry, who were then two miles from their destination, fixed bayonets, and promptly seized the nearest slope of the Nek. At first, they met with but little opposition, but at daybreak

the enemy attacked in considerable force, and a fierce engagement ensued. This lasted until 3 p.m. in the afternoon, when, their ammunition exhausted, and a large proportion of their number dead and wounded, the little British force was at length compelled to capitulate.

In his official despatch reporting the disaster, Sir George White expressly stated that no blame attached to the troops concerned, and that he alone was responsible, as the position which he ordered Colonel Carleton's force to occupy was "untenable." It is right and fair that no harsh judgment should be passed. But what one would like to know is, firstly, why our men were sent to attempt the capture of an "untenable" position; secondly, why, when the mules stampeded, the column did not return to camp for fresh supplies; thirdly, why communication was not maintained between Colonel



CAPTAIN MEIKLEJOHN, OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.
(Severely Wounded at the Battle of Eland's Laagte.)
Photo by Moffat, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Carleton's column and the main body at Ladysmith; and fourthly, why reinforcements were not sent to the hard-pressed regiments on Nicholson's Nek before the capitulation became inevitable? With regard to the first of these matters, however, we may take it that General White did not consider the hill "untenable" when he ordered a handful of men to occupy it. The other questions are not so easily answered. A portion of Sir George's cavalry might surely have been employed in keeping open the line of communication, and it is also difficult to avoid thinking that help could well have been sent during those anxious hours when Colonel Carleton's force—their ammunition running out and their numbers becoming fast depleted—were vainly trying to hold their own against an enemy of many times their strength.

THE GENERAL ENGAGEMENT BEFORE LADYSMITH.

While this lamentable episode was in progress, it seems that two other engagements were being simultaneously carried on near the camp, in the hope of driving back the Free Staters, under Generals Joubert and Lucas Meyer, who were threatening us in force. Very soon, however, the action became general, and the Boer positions were attacked in three directions at once. While one column, under Colonel Grimwood, advanced against the right, the remainder of the troops (with the exception of Colonel Carleton's force on the left flank), under Colonel Ian Hamilton, operated against the centre of the enemy. After some hours' hard fighting, during which we lost heavily, the order was given to fall back on Ladysmith. When this was reached, the general situation of the two armies remained practically unchanged. In a great measure, the battle was an artillery one, and our field-batteries, reinforced by guns from the Naval Brigade, under Captain Lambton, R.N.,

performed splendid service. The number of casualties to our arms resulting from this "Black Monday" was an extremely heavy one, and reached in all a total of 60 killed and 240 wounded, besides the men taken prisoners. All mourn the death of poor Egerton.

On the two following days, the bombardment of Ladysmith was continued by the enemy, but in rather a desultory fashion. The chief object of the Boers, however, seems to have been concerned with seizing the railway near Colenso, sixteen miles south of General White's base, and thus disconnecting Maritzburg and Durban. On Thursday last telegraphic communication between the latter place and Ladysmith was broken off. But by pigeon-post news came on Sunday night that on Thursday last General French took out a force of cavalry and field-artillery, and, penetrating into the enemy's lines, drove them back with scarcely any loss to himself. On the Boer side, however, a considerable casualty-list resulted. So effective was our shell-fire that the Boers fled precipitately from their laager, leaving their entire camp and equipment in our hands. Altogether, complete success crowned General French's exploit (though Sir Redvers Buller thinks Colonel Brocklehurst led in this action).

ON THE WESTERN BORDER

the news up to date continues to be good, and the various garrisons are reported to be holding their positions without much difficulty. There is no very recent information to hand from this direction, however, but the last to filter through was of a decidedly inspiring nature. At Kimberley the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, under Colonel Kekewich, continues to render an extremely good account of itself, and, although some 5000 Boers are said to be lying outside the town, the garrison is confident of making them stay there.

THE LONG-EXPECTED INVASION OF CAPE COLONY

was commenced by the Free State Boers on the 1st inst. It was not of a very formidable nature, however. Crossing the frontier at Norval's Pont, they marched on Colesberg. Here they met with no serious opposition, for the town was only garrisoned by a small squad of Police.

Owing to the vastly superior force massed against them, these were naturally compelled to surrender, and are now prisoners of war. It is not at all likely, however—at least, for the present—that the advance will be continued any further into the Colony, for the Boer Generals are already becoming hard-pressed for men on their own side of the Orange River, and are likely to be still more so in the near future.

As some salient features in the history of the Gordon Highlanders are given on another page, it is fitting that I should refer here to the gallant officer of that regiment who is portrayed. Captain Meiklejohn was severely wounded at the Battle of Eland's Laagte (which victory stands to the credit of Sir George White), and he is now lying with his right arm amputated in hospital at besieged Ladysmith. Captain Meiklejohn, having been transferred from the First to the Second Battalion of the Gordons, has the distinction of being engaged both at Dargai and at Eland's Laagte. In the former memorable action he was the first officer to reach the top of the awful ridge. Be sure his double achievement will not be forgotten when the well-won honours come to be distributed for this present campaign.

SCENE OF THE SURRENDER.

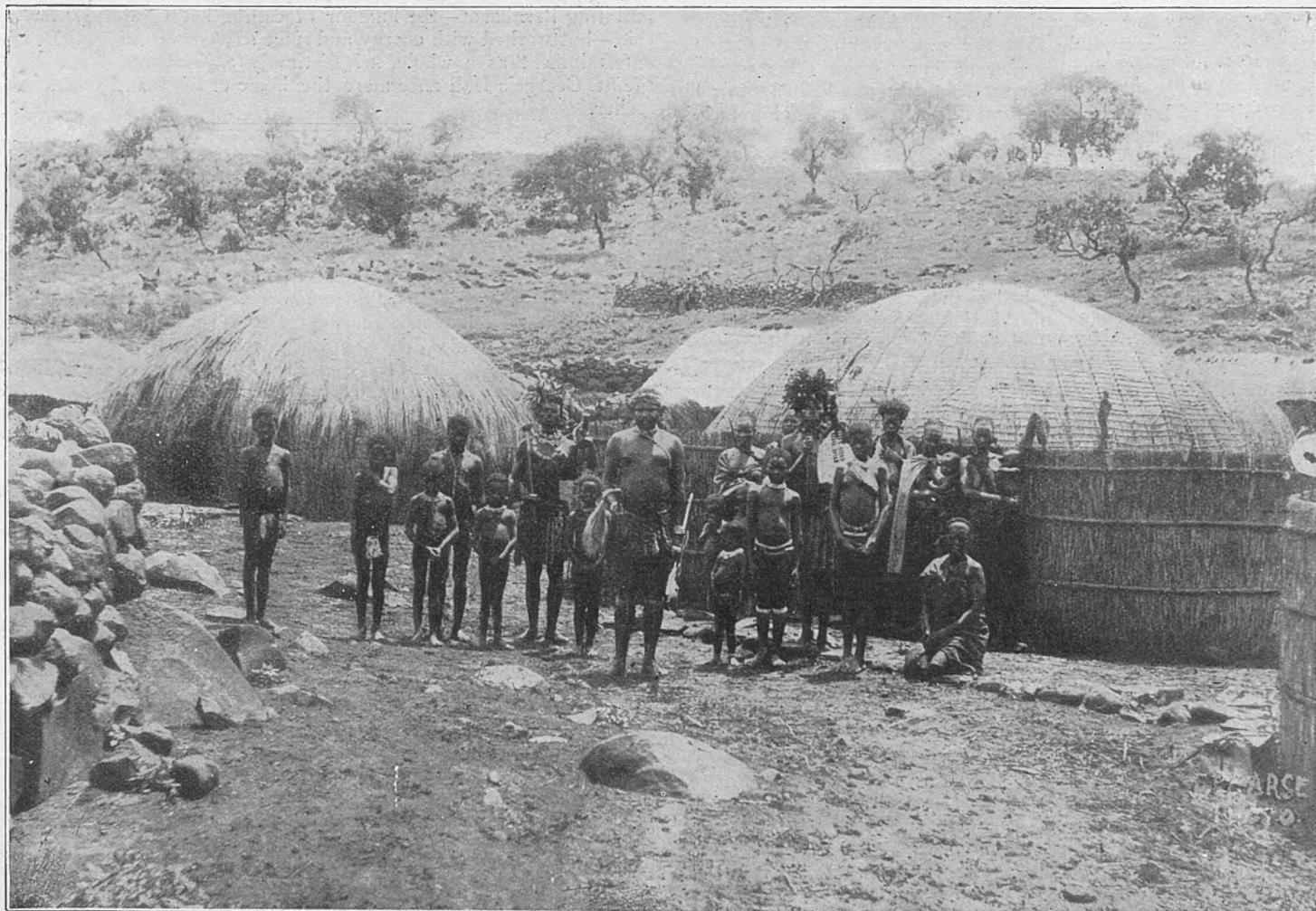
Hyde's Farm, which appears to have been the scene of the recent lamentable disaster to our plucky lost battalions, lies in a valley some five miles to the northward of Ladysmith.

A steep, rugged line of stony hills hems it in, covered with a thorny scrub of mimosa and aloë. Both the little valley and the encircling chain of hills are covered with rough boulders, while in the valley the tall, rank "Tambouti" grass is often high enough to hide both horse and rider. The little, rough path, intersected with half-dried watercourses, that winds through the valley, amidst the scrub and grass, soon comes to the steep, stony kopje, Nicholson's Nek, that divides Hyde's from Nicholson's Farm; over this the narrow path zigzags, and from the summit of the ridge one can look back on Ladysmith, now some six miles distant, lying below. A pretty scene once, but lately the view has been obscured by the smoke and dust of battle and the silence replaced by the rattle of musketry.



BUGLER SHERLOCK, 5TH LANCERS, WHO SHOT THREE BOERS WITH HIS REVOLVER AT ELAND'S LAAGTE.

Photo by Sinclair, Canterbury.



KAFFIR KRAAL NEAR NICHOLSON'S NEK, WHERE THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS AND THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE MADE THEIR GALLANT STAND.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWS CANE, PIETERMARITZBURG.

ABOUT ATHLETICS.

BY W. YARDLEY.

It appears, from an exhaustive and well-toned letter of Ranjitsinhji's, which has appeared in several quarters during the past week, that the conduct of "Ranji" himself and other members of his team which lately returned from the United States has been impugned by a number of our American cousins, through the medium of a body called "The Metropolitan Cricket League of New York," on the occasion of a match that took place between the team of English Gentlemen and an Eighteen of New York.

It seems, from the lucid and straightforward explanation of the circumstances given by Ranjitsinhji in his letter, that he was forbidden by the doctor who was attending him for fever, superinduced by his travelling from Philadelphia to New York for the express purpose of taking part in the match against the New York eighteen before he had sufficiently recovered from an attack of bronchitis which had rendered him *hors de combat* at Philadelphia, from playing in the match, and, as a matter of fact, he was confined to his hotel in New York.

It further appears that Mr. Maclaren, whom "Ranji" had deputed to captain the English team in his enforced absence, was prevented by severe rheumatism from taking any further part in the match on the third day, and having come to New York from Staten Island, where the players were staying, for electric treatment for his rheumatism, he wired to Mr. Stoddart on the morning of the third day his inability to continue to play and the reasons of that inability. This wire was not forwarded by the authorities of the Staten Island Hotel on to the ground to Mr. Stoddart, and some delay appears to have taken place in the resumption of play, which delay, by the way, seems to have saved the New Yorkers from certain defeat.

The absence of Ranjitsinhji and Maclaren, and the request by Stoddart for two substitutes in the field on the third day, were the alleged acts of discourtesy complained of. That the Americans should have been so childishly sensitive is in itself rather pitiable; but the boot of discourtesy would seem to have been on the other leg, for Ranjitsinhji alleges that he was kept in complete ignorance of the complaint of the Metropolitan Cricket League of New York, of whose existence he was blissfully unaware until he read about it in the columns of the English Press on his return to this country. The whole affair seems to have been a very mild storm in a very small teacup; but, if any discourtesy comes in, it is certainly, according to the above facts, not on the side of the Englishmen.

Whilst on the subject of cricket, although the pastime is, of course, out of season, so far as playing it is concerned on this side of the world, it is the season in which questions of legislation on the game are mooted and acted upon when necessary. Few, if any, cricketers will do otherwise than rejoice at the amendment accepted by the Marylebone Cricket Club with regard to the rule relating to "no-balls." For the future, *either* umpire will be able to "no-ball" a bowler if in his opinion such bowler's action is unfair.

To anybody interested in "fisticuffs" and all that may by any stretch of imagination come under that head of Athleticism, it surely could never be genuinely credible that the supremacy of the relative merits of English "boxing" and the French *savate*, or, in other words, "fists" *versus* "feet," could ever be satisfactorily established—at all events, to the minds of both the English and French nations. Therefore, when it was known that a match for the so-called championship of the rival styles had been arranged between brave Jerry Driscoll, a British "boxer," and Charlemont, admittedly the champion French *savateur*, the fact made the judicious grieve, and, as events turned out, with more than ample cause.

Even had the encounter proved thoroughly genuine, with a fair field and no favour, with both men squarely "on the job," and anything like a strict adherence to the rules that had been nominally laid down to govern the contest, it is more than doubtful whether anything approaching a satisfactory consummation would have been arrived at. As matters turned out, however, the details of the so-called "match" proved, to put it mildly, revoltingly unsavoury.

A very different affair seems to have been the "glove-fight" between Jeffries and Sharkey the other day at Coney Island, in America. This was a veritable battle of giants, and although, as any such encounter between two exceptional heavy-weights must necessarily be, somewhat brutal, from a humanitarian point of view, yet it was apparently conducted with the best of good-feeling and on the strictest lines of fairness and honesty by all concerned, especially the two principals.

It is said to have been the hardest-fought contest with gloves ever known, as it endured for close upon two hours, and the twenty-five rounds were all fought out without a "knock-out." It seems hard upon Sharkey, who had about two stone the worst of the weights, and who fought the last ten rounds in amazingly plucky fashion with two broken ribs, that he should have been declared the loser "on points." Doubtless the decision of the referee was beyond question, as it is patent that, with the above-mentioned enormous disadvantages, the loser must have been physically incapable of displaying very high-class science towards the finish.

The World's Twenty-Five Miles' Walking Championship for the hundred-guinea Salisbury Cup was won recently at Fulham Cross Athletic Grounds by E. W. Raby, of Elland, in Yorkshire, in 3 hours 49 min. 3½ sec., with E. Day, of Barking, second, and D. Fenton, of Westminster, third.

Other matters preclude any mention of Football this week.

A SUCCESSOR TO THE GERMAN REEDS.

Since the sudden and tragic ending of the long-popular German Reed Entertainment in the spring of '95, several efforts have been made to re-establish at the St. George's Hall the pleasant semi-theatrical entertainment for which it was famous during many years. Mr. W. G. Elliot, who began his season at the St. George's Hall last Thursday, has serious difficulties to contend against. However, he has one fact in his favour which hardly existed five years ago, for during the present lustrum the proportion of theatres producing pieces to which judicious parents think it unwise to take "sweet seventeen" has grown very considerably, and consequently there must be many playgoers who will welcome such an agreeable and healthy entertainment as that which is now offered.

The present programme certainly is strong, and on the first-night met with very hearty favour, yet it may be suggested that it could be strengthened without great difficulty. Certainly no change ought to be made in the first item, "The Ordeal of the Honeymoon," by Miss Estelle Burney. Readers of *The Sketch* will recollect that her brilliant duologue appeared a few weeks ago in these columns. It acts as well as it reads, and this is saying a very great deal. One regrets sincerely that so little of the really talented authoress's work is played.

The second item is an entirely new musical sketch, written, composed, and presented by Mr. George Grossmith. Perhaps my admiration for Corney Grain makes me a somewhat unfair judge of Mr. Grossmith's work, which is hardly on the same plane; but I am bound to recognise the fact that he succeeded in moving the audience to hearty laughter during the greater part of an hour by his ingenious description of his trials and difficulties as an entertainer and his troubles with the Press and his employers. So great is Mr. Grossmith's popularity that there can be little doubt this new sketch, which is one of his best, will draw many people to the hall.

The last number, "The Modern Craze," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, is a somewhat formless piece, presenting a rehearsal of melodrama by a mixed company of amateurs and professionals. It must be hinted that it drags here and there, though there are very bright moments in it, and that it would be wise to follow the traditions of the place and introduce some songs and dances into it; they could be brought in quite pertinently. Indeed, there is already a burlesque song in the piece.

"The Modern Craze" really would make an excellent framework for a "sketch" on the old lines. It would be very hard to give a better performance than that of Miss Mabel Beardsley, with its ingenious suggestion of character and wonderful imitation of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, of which, like an *Oliver Twist*, we should have liked a second helping. Moreover, Mr. W. G. Elliot, as Lord Fitzroy, the gifted amateur who had spent "a whole week" writing the play, and insisted upon rehearsing the professionals, was really funny, and at the same time judiciously avoided exaggeration. Miss Katharine Stewart also was amusing as an amateur desperately struggling with one line. Miss Mary Mackenzie, clever daughter of the distinguished musician, was a little overburdened by the task of imitating Bernhardt—the humour of calling her Chillsoul is a little too thin—but worked with energy and some success. Taking, then, the new entertainment as a whole, it is distinctly enjoyable, and should render the St. George's Hall once more the home of the matinée entertainment seeker.

E. F. S.

THE STRAND'S NEWEST PLAY.

"The Prince of Borneo" having had to be withdrawn from the Strand after a comparatively brief run, it was on Monday succeeded by another play from the pen of Mr. G. H. Broadhurst, who has already produced at this theatre (which is partly his own) his more or less farcical comedies, "What Happened to Jones," "Why Smith Left Home," and "The Last Chapter." Mr. Broadhurst's latest is called "The Wrong Mr. Wright," and, like the above plays by the same author, was originally produced in America. "The Wrong Mr. Wright," which was brought to the Strand straight from a three nights' trial trip at Eastbourne, is constructed on broadly farcical lines, and, barring that it is at first fuller of explanations than of situations, it certainly affords scope for good comic acting. Like so many farces—from the days of Maddison Morton downwards—"The Wrong Mr. Wright" is a play of equivocal and muddled-up identity, a kind of thing always requiring a good deal of "make believe" on the part of kind friends in front. The personage upon whom the play's title devolves is a rubicund, aggressively hearty and healthy man of business named Singleton Fites, who, after many a farcical subterfuge, falls in love with a she-detective. Fites is played by that fine broad comedian, Mr. Thomas A. Wise, whose capital performance in "The Last Chapter" will be well remembered by all playgoers who saw it. Miss Constance Collier is a handsome and dashing representative of the lady detective; and Mr. Wilton Heriot is well to the fore as a male ditto. Mr. George Shelton (always droll) and Miss Robertha Erskine (always earnest) have excellent parts as a couple of the prune-and-prism prating type, and the always dainty Miss Decima Moore has a very dainty character as a very saucy lady's-maid. Sundry other clever players are in the cast of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," also in the little play which precedes it, namely, "The Grey Parrot," an adaptation by Mr. Charles Rock (one of the actors concerned) of a short story by Mr. W. W. Jacobs. It is to be hoped that the Strand's latest programme will last longer than the previous three have done.

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More.

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More.

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BRITISH SUCCESS AT BESTERS HILL.

The Central News Agency, always noted for its smart service of War news, was first in the field last Sunday with the following tidings of a reassuring success to the British arms in Natal:—

LADYSMITH, Thursday, Nov. 2, 2.40 p.m.

The Boers show no disposition to resume fighting to-day, but Sir George White forced the pace.

He and his staff were astir before daybreak, and important movements of troops were carried out without attracting the attention of the enemy.

The morning opened beautifully bright and clear, and everyone was in high spirits.

At ten minutes past six o'clock the bluejackets sent in a shell from their new battery on the west. The shell got home on the ridge whereon the Boers had placed their forty-pounder, and it was quickly followed by others equally well placed. The Boers were not long in responding, and the cannonade soon became terrific.

The bluejackets worked their three guns in splendid style, evidently to the bewilderment of the Boer gunners, who were utterly outmatched.

It was not long before our men got the range to a nicety, and then they hit their mark with successive shells, firing all the time with thrice the rapidity of the enemy.

The accuracy and rapidity of our fire soon began to tell. The enemy's replies came less frequently, and, after four hours' bombardment, the forty-pounder was silenced entirely.

All this time other batteries had been at work, and we uniformly had the better of the fight.

All this artillery work occupied the attention of the enemy, and helped Sir George White to achieve the main purpose of the day, which was the capture of the Boer camp just behind Besters Hill.

By half-past ten o'clock, the whole military position had very clearly developed. Joubert's main force were occupying two positions to the east of the town, one on the old site of the ridge above Pepworth's Farm, where the forty-pounder was still sullenly replying to our first fire, and the other on Umbulwani Hill.

Our field-artillery were supporting the cavalry and infantry, the latter not yet in action. The Naval Brigade's guns were engaged with the big Boer gun at Pepworth's Farm, and our heaviest field-guns were replying to the enemy's battery on Umbulwani Hill.

At the time mentioned there was a temporary cessation of the artillery-fire all round, but the artillery of the Free State Boers could still be heard in the direction of Besters.

The boom of guns could also be heard almost due south, and it was assumed that an engagement of some sort was proceeding in the vicinity of Colenso, as the enemy did not attack us from that side.

The enemy were in a well-chosen position, and the camp—a large one—was surrounded by the usual laager of waggons and other obstructions to a direct attack. Besters Hill itself was well fortified, and good guns were in position there.

The first intimation which the Boers received of our intentions was about nine o'clock, when our guns opened upon their camp.

Their guns replied to ours with some spirit, but they were badly served, and they did us no damage. Our gunners, on the other hand, rained shell upon the enemy's camp. Within a comparatively short time, forty-two shells burst right in the midst of the camp, inflicting such terrible loss that the enemy were thrown into a state of panic. At that moment our cavalry, who had been steadily working their way up to the Boer camp, burst upon the enemy, stormed over the laager, and drove everything irresistibly before them. The enemy fled precipitately, leaving many of their number dead and wounded on the ground, for our shell fire had punished them terribly.

The entire camp and its equipment fell into our hands. Complete victory had rewarded plans thoughtfully devised and gallantly carried into execution.

Our success will entirely upset the Free Staters' plans, and possibly prevent them from giving us further trouble from the west.

A special *pas seul* will be danced in the forthcoming production of "Florodora" by Miss Lily Macintyre, who has won a well-deserved reputation as a graceful dancer at the Gaiety, the Duke of York's, and the Comedy.

The pen, we know, is far mightier than the sword, but in times of war the sword is apt to take a prominent place in the thoughts and ideas of the great public. It was, therefore, a magnanimous act on the part of the Authors' Club to invite Lord Wolseley to their house-dinner last Monday, and Dr. Conan Doyle, as chairman, is to be congratulated on the complete success of the occasion.

Mr. Leslie Ward, the well-known caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*, known to fame in that journal as "Spy," is to be married on the 9th inst. to Judith, daughter of Mrs. Rabey Watney. The function is sure to be enormously attended, as "Leslie" is very popular in many circles of Society. A large number of the members of the Beefsteak Club, of which Mr. Ward has been perhaps the most regular habitué for upwards of twenty years, subscribed for a very handsome wedding-present of a complete outfit of silver plate for the table, which was duly presented to the bridegroom-elect in the Club-room on the evening of Friday last, Nov. 3. "Long life and happiness" was drunk to the bride and bridegroom by the large number of members present.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

It has been arranged that, after the return of the Court to Windsor, a great many military men will be among the first of the dine-and-sleep visitors invited to partake of their Sovereign's hospitality. Sir John McNeill and Colonel Henry Legge, who are the Equerries-in-Waiting during November, are both experienced soldiers, and will be able to keep Her Majesty fully informed of what is the exact meaning of each movement at the front. During November also Lord Wolseley will be the Gold-Stick-in-Waiting; and, further, the somewhat elaborate military arrangements which have just been completed in view of the Queen's forthcoming visit to Bristol are to be supervised by Sir William Butler, than whom no one not actually on the spot can have a clearer perception of what war in Natal and in the Transvaal is really like. The Queen has always shown marked interest in the careers of those distinguished officers whom fate has brought at various times into close contact with the British Court. It was by her special wish that the Prince of Wales spent so much of his youth among military men, and on more than one occasion the Sovereign has confided to those about her that, of all the great functions at which she is more or less condemned to preside and to assist, the one that gives her the most pleasure is a review.

It is greatly to be hoped that some good news from the front will cheer the fifty-eighth birthday of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness may be said to have been, even from the moment of his birth, associated with military men, for one of the very few prominent personalities of the day who were actually in Buckingham Palace at the time of the event was the Duke of Wellington. The great soldier eagerly asked the nurse, Mrs. Lily, "Is it a boy?"—provoking the proud answer, "It is a *Prince*, your Grace." On the first occasion of the Prince of Wales's appearance in the House of Lords, there were presented the Addresses of the two Houses in answer to the Queen's Message announcing the beginning of hostilities in the Crimea. As is well known, all the Royal children took the most intense interest in the war. In the March of 1855, his Royal Highness accompanied the Queen and Prince Albert to the Military Hospital at Chatham, in order to visit the wounded who had just arrived from the East; and at an exhibition which was held at Burlington House in aid of the Patriotic Fund, the Prince of Wales, then aged fourteen, was represented by a painting, which fetched fifty-five guineas. It would be rather interesting to know in whose possession this curious memento now is. Two distinguished military men who were constant companions of the Prince as a youth and as a young man were Major (later Sir Christopher) Teesdale, and Major Lindsay, of the Scotch Fusiliers. In 1861 the Prince saw something of real military life at the Curragh, being specially placed under Colonel Percy, who then commanded the Guards. This seems to have been His Royal Highness's only personal experience of what a soldier's life is really like, for Colonel Percy had orders to treat him exactly like any other young officer.

Probably, however, few men in the Service know more of the practical as well as of the theoretical side of military matters than does our future King, for, since he grew up, the Prince has kept in very close touch with the more distinguished Commanding Officers of the British Army. He shared the Queen's enthusiasm for General Gordon, and it was chiefly owing to his initiative that the fund was started for providing a national memorial to the great soldier. It need hardly be said that the Prince of Wales holds every possible military distinction, and, owing to the fact that every one of his honorary Army titles requires four complete uniforms, there is certainly no man living, save perhaps the

German Emperor, who has so complete and remarkable a military wardrobe, his uniforms alone being said to be worth over ten thousand pounds.

Lady Audrey Buller possesses a singularly winning personality, and special sympathy is felt with her at the present moment owing to the fact that not only her gallant husband but also her only surviving son will be at the front in a few days from now. Since Sir Redvers' departure she has had the grief of losing her much-loved brother, Lord Townshend. At the time of her marriage to the distinguished Commander whose name she now bears, Lady Audrey Howard was a young widow with four little children—two sons and two daughters. Lady Audrey and Sir Redvers have only one child, a daughter, who is on the eve of making her debut in Society. There are few happier country-houses than that of Downes, the beautiful place in Devonshire which has been in the possession of the Buller family for many centuries. Sir Redvers is very fond of his step-children, and he felt acutely the death, from enteric fever in India, of Mr. Howard of the King's Royal Rifles.



LADY AUDREY BULLER AND HER DAUGHTER.

From a photograph taken some years ago by Browning, Exeter.

Lady Audrey is as popular at Aldershot as she is in Devonshire. Together with her three daughters, she is keenly interested in the welfare of Mr. Tommy Atkins and his household belongings, and almost immediately after she had seen Sir Redvers and her son off at Southampton she returned to Aldershot, in order to see after the comfort and well-being of those soldiers' wives and families to whom she now feels so closely akin. Here she took an early opportunity of speaking a cheering word to the married women and children. Presiding at a tea given to them on Nov. 2, Lady Audrey begged them to keep up their spirits, and declared that, for her part, she thought the worst of the war was over—at any rate, so far as our side was concerned. It is interesting to note that Lady Audrey first felt the more tragic side of the life of a soldier's wife in 1884-5, when her husband took so active a part in the Soudan Expedition and Soudan Campaign.

Lord Chesterfield and Miss Enid Wilson, who are both said to have a great dislike to publicity, have chosen a good moment for declaring their engagement. Had it not been that the war and war-news absorb the thoughts and feelings of almost everyone in Society, the betrothal of "Duke Stanhope" would certainly have made a great sensation, for Lord Chesterfield has now been for something like twenty years one of the most interesting bachelors in the London world. He succeeded his father twelve years ago; but even in the days when everything pointed to the fact that he meant to make politics his career, he was noted for some of the qualities which distinguished his famous ancestor, and his robust dandyism, joined to a certain fastidiousness of taste, earned for him many sobriquets, though "Duke Stanhope" is the only one which remains in the memory. In those far-off days, the *fiancé* of Miss Wilson was an ardent Gladstonian, and he has remained on very happy personal terms with his old chief, Sir William Harcourt, who remembers gratefully the assistance rendered him by his young secretary at a time when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Miss Enid Wilson is not only beautiful, but possesses the rare type of beauty which seizes on the imagination of all those who see her. To quote one eloquent description which appeared some time ago in a Sunday edition of a great New York paper, which devoted a whole page to the future Lady Chesterfield, "she is tall, with a figure full of health and grace. She has pure, dazzling red-and-white complexion. Long

lashes shade her soft hazel eyes, which shine with good-nature and fun"; still, one may be allowed to doubt the assertion that, "wherever she goes, people gather and gaze at her. She is stared at on the street, in the Row, at church, wherever there is a living creature with a sense of beauty"! The wedding is expected to take place in February, and will be a most interesting gathering, although many of Lord Chesterfield's most intimate friends will then probably be at the front.

The story goes that the Duke of Abercorn has ten nephews either at the front or on their way there. If so, his Grace comes in a good second to President Kruger, who is credited with having fifty grandsons in the field. But, whatever may be the truth as to the existence of these more or less mythical ten gallant warriors, there is no doubt that an extraordinary proportion of Peers' sons have been ordered on active service. The first example that comes to mind is naturally the two brothers-in-law, Lord George Scott and Mr. Thomas Brand; the latter is the eldest son of Lord Hampden. The Duke and Duchess of Atholl, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Wimborne, Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord and Lady Salisbury, are but a few of the many who are waiting anxiously for tidings. Lord Edward Cecil, who married, some years ago, pretty Miss Violet Maxse, was one of the first to go out, and he is now at Mafeking. Lord Roberts loses two valuable members of his Staff, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice and his own son, Lieutenant Roberts.

Colonel Schiel's name is probably more familiar to Englishmen than that of any other officer of the Boer Army, with the possible exceptions of Joubert and Cronjé. There is a certain element of mystery about his career; but it appears that after serving in the German Army, he left it with the rank of sergeant, and emigrated to South Africa. For some reason or other, he, like so many other Continentals, has an intense hatred of England and Englishmen, and has never missed an opportunity of doing us a bad turn. He served as an instructor in tactics with the Zulu Army under Cetewayo in the war of 1879 which ended with Ulundi, and at the conclusion of hostilities the British Government offered a reward for his capture.

We next hear of him in the Transvaal as an Artillery officer, and it is said the forts at Pretoria and Johannesburg were constructed under

obtaining it, has become our prisoner. Whatever his faults—from our point of view—may be, he is undoubtedly a clever and accomplished soldier, and, as his portrait shows, a fine-looking man.

Pretty Lady Carrington has had the trial of not even bidding her husband farewell, for he, of course, belongs to what may be called the native South African contingent. Long before his marriage to



LADY CARRINGTON.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Miss Elwes of Colesborne, Sir Frederick had won military distinction, notably during the Matabele War, when he commanded the Imperial forces. It seems only yesterday that the marriage, which took place in town, brought together a really unique gathering of South African celebrities, headed by Lord Grey. Lady Carrington is enthusiastically interested in South African warfare, and not Sir Frederick himself could tell more, or perhaps as much, of the splendid services rendered to the Empire by Carrington's Horse and the Frontier Light Horse, both of which corps owe their existence to her gallant husband.

I am rather surprised that the departure for the front of Lord Edmund Talbot (of the 11th Hussars) has not been more noticed. Lord Edmund is the only brother of the Duke of Norfolk, and may, under the circumstances of the young Earl of Arundel's precarious state of health, be regarded as standing in a very peculiar relation to the dukedom. He is, of course, a very prominent figure in the Roman Catholic world, and the fact that he volunteered for service has made a certain sensation, for, were anything to happen to him, and were his only son to die unmarried, the dukedom would ultimately pass to Protestant cousins of the present Duke. Lord Edmund, who took the name of Talbot on inheriting a considerable amount of property from the late Earl of Shrewsbury, will celebrate his silver jubilee as a soldier next year; but, oddly enough, this is his first campaign, the "Cherubims" not having been in active service since the Crimea, when, however, they so much distinguished themselves that it must be admitted they deserved a good long rest. Lord Edmund Talbot left Arundel, amid a scene of considerable emotion and the display of much goodwill by the townspeople, some three weeks ago, so he will be one of the first of the later contingent to arrive at the front.

It is a curious fact that Sir George White's evil experiences of Natal began with a disaster when he was quite young. Some forty years ago, when a subaltern in the 27th Inniskillings, he was wrecked, with a detachment of his regiment who were being brought from India to the Cape in the hired transport *Charlotte*, in Algoa Bay, now called Port Elizabeth. Over one hundred of the rank-and-file were drowned; the survivors were conveyed by H.M.S. *Hydra* to Cape Town.

Olive Schreiner talks about "mendacious lies" in her bombastic manifesto to the American papers. It is to be supposed that "mendacious lies" is a phrase only to be equalled by "veracious truths."



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. SCHIEL, THE BOER COMMANDER WHO WAS WOUNDED AND TAKEN PRISONER AT THE BATTLE OF ELAND'S LAAGTE.

his direction. Indeed, he is credited in some quarters with the authorship of the Boer plan of campaign in Natal. However that may be, he was wounded at Eland's Laagte, and, with other Boer officers, fell into our hands. For safe custody he has since been placed on board H.M.S. *Penelope* in Simon's Bay, and his precise status as a prisoner of war yet remains to be determined. At the beginning of the war, he asked the Kaiser's blessing on his enterprise, and being unsuccessful in

The A Squadron of the famous Inniskilling Dragoons got a splendid send-off from Queenstown on Tuesday, the 24th ult. The regiment will be brigaded with the "Royals" and Scots Greys, thus reconstituting the dashing "Union Brigade" of Waterloo and the Crimea. Besides the commanding officer, Colonel Page-Henderson, and the other officers of the regiment, Prince Alexander of Teck, who is attached to the Inniskillings, sailed with them in the *Siberian*. The youngest of the Duchess of York's brothers, the Prince did good service with his regiment, the 7th Hussars, in Matabeleland two years ago, receiving a "mention" in despatches. He is twenty-five years old, and is very popular in his regiment. He bids fair to become even more popular with the gallant Inniskillings, if the way in which he took part in the labours of embarkation counts for anything. His elder brother, Prince Francis, is an officer in the "Royal Dragoons," also on their way to South Africa.

The good people who look after the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit have been exceptionally busy since the war broke out. A very large number of Army officers off to the Cape have taken the precaution of leaving their valuables in a place of safety. Hence the extra work.

Mr. Ernest Milner is particularly nimble in working his camera down at Southampton Docks. I have already given his photos of Mr. Atkins on board ship and the departure of the *Braemar Castle*, and now he sends me this excellent picture of the *Rosslyn Castle*, showing Lord Wolseley (the middle figure of the three) and Sir Donald Currie leaving the boat just before she started on her long voyage.

Major-General Sir Henry Colvile, who is one of the leaders of the Guards now on their way to South Africa, has an innate love of adventure and enterprise. At Eton he was affectionately dubbed "Piggy," and later on, when he joined the Grenadier Guards, he was nicknamed "Odger," presumably from a belief that he shared the political opinions of the now-forgotten demagogue. "Odger" was especially fond of private theatricals. He was one of the prime movers in the Amateur Pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre, and made a distinct "hit" as the Policeman in the harlequinade, in which Mr. W. S. Gilbert (Harlequin), Mr. W. Yardley (Clown), Major Knox Holmes, Mr. Algy Bastard, and Lord de Clifford were prominent figures. At Wimbledon, too, aided by Mr. Talbot Smith, of the Gaiety, "Odger" got up some first-rate dramatic shows.

Sir Henry Colvile has been twice married. His first wife was a very charming lady, Miss Daly, sister of the present Lord Dunsandle, and together they not only commenced their honeymoon by an ascent on their wedding-day in a balloon at the Crystal Palace, but subsequently they made a highly interesting tour in Morocco, their adventures being chronicled by Captain Colvile in a most captivating volume. The present Lady Colvile is a French lady of very old family, by birth de Préville, a name familiar to the readers of "The Three Musketeers."

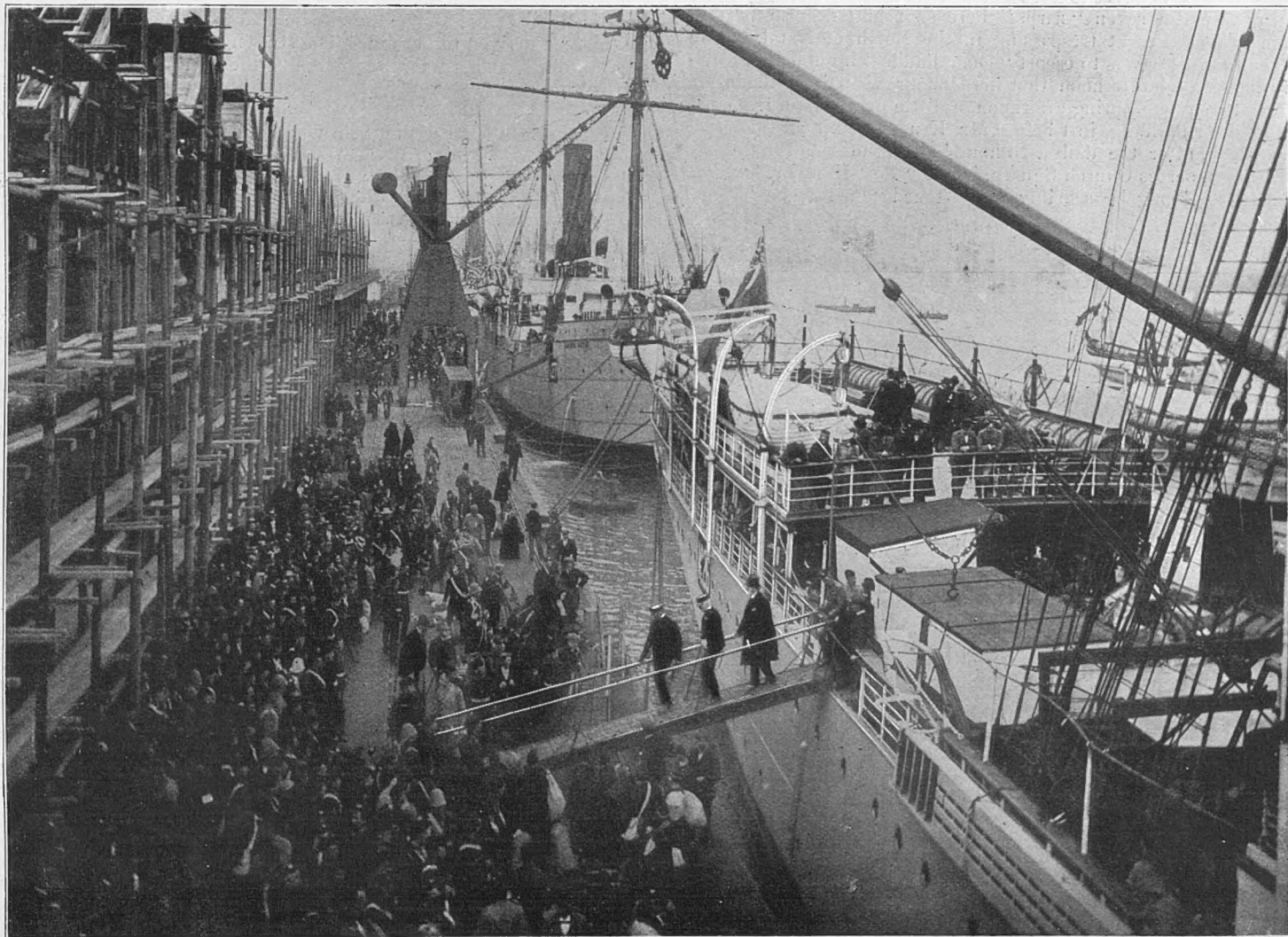
Sir Henry Colvile has seen plenty of service in Africa—in Uganda, Unyoro, and in the Soudan and Nile Campaigns—and he has also done good work in India and in Burmah. He is, despite his many honours, comparatively young, being only in his forty-seventh year. He is rightly looked upon as one of our most reliable Commanding Officers.



Prince Alexander.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK AND MEN OF THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS.

A "Sketch" Snapshot before they started for South Africa.



Lord Wolseley. Sir Donald Currie.

DEPARTURE OF THE "ROSSLYN CASTLE" FROM SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS WITH TROOPS. THE BOAT JUST BEHIND IS THE "LISMORE CASTLE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST MILNER, WANDSWORTH BRIDGE ROAD, S.W.

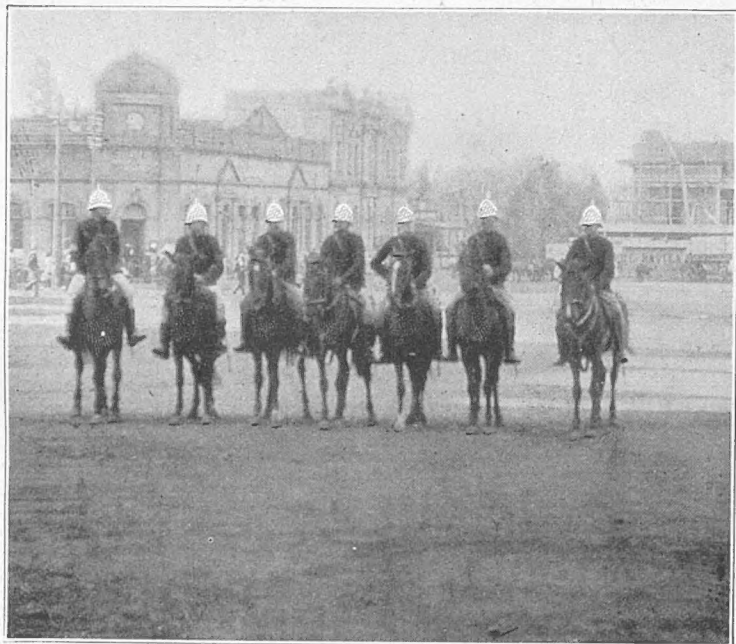
Peers on the stage have been commoner in history than Peers in the editor's room, but Lady Randolph Churchill, whose second number has just successfully come out, has had illustrious predecessors. Julius Cæsar, according to one paper, was an editor, and he was his own War-Correspondent also, thus doing away with a Press Censor. King Alfred, whose millennium will soon be celebrated, was a contributor to the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, a journal of wide circulation, but now defunct, and never had his manuscripts rejected.

Mr. Charles Arnold seems fated to be connected with Transvaal war alarms. Not only was his late tour cut short by coinciding with the hostilities, but it was Mr. Arnold himself who brought the news of Jameson's capture to a district in the Rand. No one would believe the news, and he could have made a considerable amount of money by accepting the bets offered against the failure of the Raid; but, though as shrewd a man in ordinary business as there is on the stage, he would not "bet on a certainty." As he had booked on to Australia from here, he may now perhaps go there direct with "What Happened to Jones."

BASUTO CHIEF (reading). Here's a letter from President Kruger proclaiming his suzerainty over all South Africa. He relies on my good sense to check any excitement, but, should the attitude of the treacherous English be so offensive as to drive us to action, he hopes we will make good use of the machine-guns he sends (for purely defensive purposes) herewith. Then here's a telegram from Sir Alfred Milner assuring me that England will protect from outrage her loyal native allies. Though the war is entirely a white man's war, he knows that the well-known Basuto courage will stand no nonsense from outsiders. All rumours spread by the vulgar and brutal Boer are to be distrusted. I've been here twenty-five years, and blamed if I ever got so much attention before! (*Pensively.*) I wonder which will win.

The masterly art of "sitting tight" is very much in evidence just at present in Naval matters. We are making every possible preparation for a big—perhaps very big—naval war right under the noses of the newspaper men, and not one of them has discovered the why and wherefore. Indeed, the significance of all that is going on in our dockyards is almost entirely lost, in part because attention is at present directed farther afield, in part because our wily Admiralty has lately issued an order that everything of importance (not confidential) is to be told officially to the Press. The true inwardness of this has not yet been appreciated. But—unless our present preparations check hostile designs—it will not be long before the Navy is doing a good deal more than furnishing landing-parties in South Africa. Our eyes are turned on Russia, and meanwhile the Kaiser proposes to visit England. Very pretty!

Most probably the seven "zarps" here snapshotted form part of some Commando at present trespassing in the North of Natal, but in time of peace their duty was to escort "Oom Paul's" brougham to and from his residence each afternoon that his Honour visited the Raadzaal. The view was taken one spring afternoon a little while ago, from the façade of the latter building, just before Mr. Kruger's exit at the usual hour, four o'clock, after the daily two hours' sitting of the First Raad. Behind the group, across Church Square, is the "Post-Kantoor," which, one hopes, will ere long be sensibly rechristened "Post-Office." Past



PRESIDENT KRUGER'S ESCORT: TAKEN AT PRETORIA.

Photo by Arthur A. Sykes.

this, to the left, about a quarter of a mile down the street, is the President's house. The building in course of erection is the new Law Courts. In front of this, the shadow of the big Dutch church is visible in the picture, close to the cab-rank.

Miss Ethel Henry appears as Letty, one of the Three Graces in "The Christian." Last winter Miss Henry played Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Since then she has been with Mr. Chevalier at Queen's Hall, and has recited at "At Homes" and smart functions. She considers herself especially lucky to be playing



MISS ETHEL HENRY, WHO IS PLAYING LETTY IN "THE CHRISTIAN." TWO MONTHS AGO SHE WAS NEARLY DROWNED AT ST. MALO-LES-BAINS.

Photo by Jacolette, Dover.

in London this winter, as scarce a couple of months ago she almost lost her life at St. Malo-les-Bains, being carried out of her depth when bathing by a strong current, and she had gone down twice when the rescue-boat arrived to her aid. The studying of a new part has proved quite a healthy cure for her nerves, which suffered keenly after the severe shock.

I have had a chat with a man who knows Colonel Baden-Powell well, and he spoke in terms of rare enthusiasm about the defender of Mafeking. "Baden-Powell knows every trick of the fighting Boer," he said, "and they won't catch him with any device, however subtle. He is an ideal man for the place, and will keep Mafeking safe longer than anybody else could hope to do. While he is quite fearless, he has a quality of restraint that will save him from rushing headlong into any brilliant disaster. Moreover, he will not let his men throw their lives away. Too much bravery is very little better than too little when you are fighting people with arms equal to your own and some of the best free-lance instructors in Europe behind them. Don't make the mistake of supposing that the campaign is one of Boer tactics under Boer management," continued my informant, who knows something of the Transvaal State from the inside. "General Joubert has had his day; he is a brave soldier, and an honest man, but he could no more organise the tactics of the Boer forces than he could navigate a man-of-war. It is all being done for him by the men who have served in European Armies, and are well acquainted with the best and latest developments of military study. What is wanted, wherever the English may be, is a commander who will not allow his officers or men to risk their lives out of sheer bravado. The Colonel knows the Boers and their fighting value. It is to be feared that a few of our responsible officers who do not know the Transvaal well hardly rate the Boers high enough."

WAR: NEW STYLE.—H.M.A.T. will now stand for "Her Majesty's armoured train," and in Jingo publications like "Whitaker's Almanack" we shall find: "H.M.A.T. Blunderer is a destroyer of 500 tons, and can steam at 15 knots for a fortnight. Sumptuous officers' quarters are arranged in the first-class saloon, the rank-and-file being accommodated in the third-smoking. Nurses are carried in a special 'Ladies Only,' and an invalid-carriage receives the wounded. The Blunderer has a six-inch armour-plating, and besides the turret guns, has twelve-pounders in the bow and stern." Then imagine a boy's sea-story with a scene on board H.M.A.T. "Flying Dutchman." Commodore Piston shouts: "Fighting top ahoy! Send a wireless signal to the 'Smoke-stack' to cast off her tender and come up astern. (*To the First Lieutenant.*) Put the helm down and give them the starboard guns. Then run up to the points and switch her into the wind. That's it! Now, me lads, ram, and blow the return tickets! Rule, Britannia! What ho! She bumps!"

Mr. Frederick Treves, who, like the President of the College of Surgeons, is going as consulting surgeon to the troops who are fighting our battles in South Africa, has the reputation in the profession itself of being the surgeon with the largest practice in London, and when the profession makes such a statement as that the laity may well believe it. His career has been remarkable, for Mr. Treves is still comparatively a young man, being only five- or six-and-forty. His great reputation has been largely made in connection with operations on the abdominal cavity, on which subject he has written learnedly and lengthily. He is Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Duke of York, Surgeon and Lecturer on Surgery at the London Hospital, and was at one time Examiner in Surgery at the University of Cambridge, and Hunterian Professor of Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons, in which subject he has been Examiner at the Universities of Aberdeen and Durham.

Mr. Treves, who is a man of fine presence and charming personality, is decidedly popular among his professional brethren, and is distinguished as being the father of the most beautiful girl in medical London, while some people go so far as to award her the palm of beauty in the whole of the Great City itself. Mr. Treves finds his relaxation in yachting, and is a master mariner.

Captain E. F. Holden, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, is, by permission of the War Office, taking out to the Transvaal, at his own expense, a new automatic quick-firing gun made by the Colt Company, so long celebrated for its firearms generally, and specially for its revolvers, which are great favourites with championship winners. The automatic gun consists of a single heavy barrel, weighing 40 lb., or, complete with mountings and cartridges, 114 lb. It is readily portable and is self-operating after the first shot has been fired by hand, discharging a minimum of four hundred shots per minute.

Kimberley, which has been so aptly described as "the city of dust, corrugated iron, and whisky," is not exactly an ideal spot. With the country round flat as a pancake, and a not infrequent temperature of a hundred degrees in the shade and over, life there becomes a trifle wearisome. What to a stranger, however, appear somewhat thrilling scenes are of daily occurrence in the great diamond-mines. From top to bottom of many of the diggings are fixed wire ropeways which throughout the day carry up and down their freight of human beings or diamondiferous earth. The water-chute at Earl's Court is not nearly so exhilarating as the rush in mid-air down this wire precipice, such as



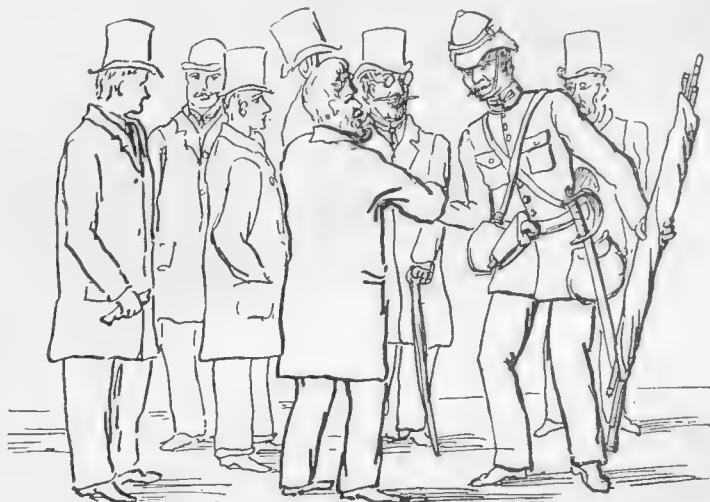
AIR "SKIP" IN THE KIMBERLEY OPEN MINE: A SUGGESTION FOR NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.

that depicted in the accompanying photograph. The native miners enter thoroughly into the spirit of the fun, shouting, laughing, and gesticulating, as they often do, in their swift downward course.

Major B. Baden-Powell, Scots Guards, who has just sailed for the war, is an enthusiastic balloonist, and is well known for his invention of a man-lifting kite. The morning of the departure of the Scots Guards,

a deputation of the Aëronautical Society met Major Baden-Powell at Chelsea Barracks to see him off, the Aëronauts wishing him every glory in the campaign and a safe return. They expressed a hope that Major Baden-Powell would find some opportunity of proving the value of his war-kites, which have been eagerly asked for by the officers in Rhodesia,

Sir W. Crookes.



Mr. Hiram Maxim.

Major B. Baden-Powell.

SCIENCE AND WAR: MAJOR B. BADEN-POWELL WITH HIS FLYING-MACHINE.
From a Sketch supplied by A. Baden-Powell.

both for the purpose of photographing the enemy's forces when out of sight, or for carrying bombs to a distance. Sir William Crookes, spick-and-span, led the Council, followed by Mr. Hiram Maxim, with his glorious white hair, Mr. Eric Bruce, and others, who were all ardent in thanking Major B. Baden-Powell for his indefatigable labour on the Council of the Aëronautical Society.

The old adage of "the ill wind" has been once more proved true—at least, that is the opinion of the Suffolks, Essex Regiment, and Sherwood Foresters, who are being mobilised to take the place of the "Slashers" and the "Old Fogs." The Suffolks are the old 12th Foot, otherwise the "Old Dozen" or "Minden Boys"; the Essex, the 44th, the "Two Fours" or "Fighting Fours"; and the "Sherwood Foresters" are the 45th, or "Old Stubborns." By a curious coincidence, each of these is the 1st Battalion of its regiment, so all can boast of a long "honours" roll, the Suffolk from Dettingen to Afghanistan, the Essex from Moro to the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and the famous "Foresters"—now the 1st Derbyshire—a long list of more than a score, from Louisburg to "Egypt, 1882." The Suffolks and the Essex are old-time comrades, for both were at the siege of Gibraltar, and have the "Castle and Key," with the motto of *Montis Insignia Calpe*, among their badges. While all must regret the capture of the remnants of the famous 28th and 87th, it is something to be thankful for that such fine old regiments are going to the front to complete the work so well begun by the Royal Irish Fusiliers at Talana Hill and the Gloucesters at Rietfontein.

The formation of a composite regiment of three squadrons of "Heavies," one from each of the Household Cavalry regiments, is a matter of much gratification to the Life and Horse Guards, who resented being left out in the cold. Until the Egyptian Campaign of '82, neither the Cavalry nor Foot regiments of the Household troops had ever been employed against other than a European foe, and the sending of these regiments abroad, either as regiments or as detachments of Heavy Cavalry, was looked upon in some quarters as but another illustration of the fact that "the Army was going to the dogs." But the Guards resented the epithet of "feather-bed" soldiers, and at Kassassin proved that they were quite as well able to render efficient service as their lighter brethren. Lieut.-Colonel Audley Dallas Neeld, of the 2nd Life Guards, will command the composite regiment, and Major T. C. P. Calley will be the second in command. This will be Colonel Neeld's first experience of war-service, but Major Calley has been more fortunate, for he was with the squadron of the 1st Life Guards in Egypt in 1882, fighting in five engagements, and being at the capture of Cairo. Though the 1st and 2nd Life Guards supply all the principal officers, the "Blues" will have their full third of minor officers and men with the regiment. It is curious to note that in a recent "Army List" (quite correctly), under each Household Cavalry regiment appears the note, "Returned from France February 1816"; for though each regiment bears the honours of "Egypt, 1882," and "Tel-el-Kebir," the Queen's Cavalry Guards' last foreign service as complete regiments was at Waterloo and in the subsequent occupation of France.

This perfectly true story might almost serve as the subject for an illustration in *Punch*. A certain lady of high degree was made acquainted the other day with an officer ordered off to Natal. Quoth the dame of distinction, "I congratulate you, Captain X—. Our losses seem to grow greater in that horrible country every day." But, of course, this is not exactly what she meant to imply.

Directly it was known in Paris that things had not gone well at Ladysmith, *La Patrie* hung outside its offices in the Rue du Croissant the flags of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. So far, there was nothing to deplore, for, to the best of my knowledge and belief, there is no law in any civilised country that prevents any editor from drying his shirt at the office-window, to say nothing of hanging out the coloured emblems of his foreign policy. As I said, so far, so good; but on the following day this bright and intelligent journal drifted into poetry, and, as a curiosity of the war, I give this nursery rhyme—

Qui c'est qui voudrait Pretoria?
C'est Victoria.
Qui c'est qui veut pas se laisser faire?
C'est Krüger.
Qui c'est qui monte bien à cheval?
C'est le Transvaal.
Et qui c'est qui se flanquera par terre?
C'est l'Angleterre.

Now the editor of *La Patrie* is Lucien Millevoye. He was the man that hunted out Norton with the famous forgeries, and had the courage

there, but have been fortunate enough to escape. On entering, the prisoner is entitled to a plate, mug, and spoon of tin, a towel, a bit of soap once a fortnight, three rugs for bed-clothes, and a straw mattress, if the floor happens to be of stone. The rations are half-a-pound of mealie-meal boiled into porridge at daybreak, the same at night, and at mid-day a pound of coarse meat, which is often exchanged for tobacco with the Kaffir prisoners. Lord Randolph Churchill's cook saw the inside of this jail for stealing a bicycle. Four whites or twenty blacks are the usual complement of one cell, the latter being frequently severely flogged. The jail at Pretoria is described as a small edition of that at Johannesburg, with black and white men's yards to the right and left, and a separate yard for white and untried Kaffir prisoners. The cells are eighteen by twelve feet, and stone-flagged, with three prison-blankets for a covering and one for a pillow. Unless political prisoners, those who are untried are allowed to get any kind of food from outside they care to pay for.

It would be scarcely possible to exaggerate the number of spies with whom the Government has to deal at the present crisis, not in South



JACK TO THE FRONT: THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HOW THE GALLANT BLUEJACKETS, WHOSE ACCURATE FIRING PUT TO SILENCE THE BOER GUNS AT NICHOLSON'S NEK, LEARN THEIR TRADE ON WHALE ISLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

to survive the ridicule that fell upon him. He has written miles on miles of copy to encourage the Irish to wait for the day when they would have a free and independent country. He had imagined that these screeds had been read on every hillside, and when, some years ago, he arrived in Ireland, he pictured a tremendous demonstration in his honour. Not a soul at the station, only a pelting rain and an obsequious jarvey. "Je suis Lucien Millevoye," he said; and the station-master replied, "Yes, yes," as though he suggested that Millevoye would be better in a minute and forget the name of the disorder that he was suffering from. At the hotel it was the same thing, and the great French champion of the Irish nation was actually asked to pay in advance. Among the English colony in Paris he is known as "the piece of asparagus dipped in ink."

A Britisher, who has been twice detained in what he calls "Paul Kruger's prison-houses of detention as hotels," has told his experiences. He says the Johannesburg jail, the largest and most important in South Africa, is an enormous, solid mass of buildings of huge blocks of stone with iron roofing, which overlooks the place from Hospital Hill. He divides the inhabitants of the place into three classes: those who have been in jail, those who are now in, and those who have still to go

Africa, but in London and in all our naval and military centres. Every particle of news likely to be of service to the Boers is cabled, *via* Delagoa Bay, to Pretoria. Had it not been for that conscientious Incapability, Marshal MacMahon, who arbitrated between Great Britain and Portugal on the vexed question of the ownership of Lorenzo Marquez, there would be neither Krupp guns to massacre our soldiers nor cablegrams to thwart our plan of campaign. Portugal is, indeed, a very friendly Power; and so she ought to be, considering that she has owed us about two millions of pounds sterling ever since the Peninsular War, when her independence was secured. Her commercial dealings with us are matters of trade; but we are, nevertheless, her largest customers. M. de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James's, has always been anxious to adjust matters on a proper basis, with the concurrence of Germany; but, unhappily, France, with her flimsy occupation of Madagascar, has hitherto made the most strenuous objections to any arrangement with regard to what has been called the "port-hole" of South-East Africa. Perhaps, before the New Year, France will be told that our fleet was not ordered into Mozambique waters for the purpose of frightening President Kruger; also that the Sirdar is quite cognisant of Gallie plots in Cairo. Hence the temporary cession of freedom to the Khalifa.

A most interesting gathering of French Royalists and their wives—indeed, the *fine fleur* of the great French world—was gathered together for a few days in London and Richmond, in order to do honour to the Duc d'Orléans' beautiful young sister, Princess Isabelle, the third daughter of the late Comte de Paris (of whom I give a portrait on page 115). Every member of the family of Orléans, if the Queen of Portugal and the aged Duc d'Alençon be excepted, was present at the ceremony, which took place in the little Roman Catholic Church at Kingston-on-Thames, where both the bride and the bridegroom's parents were married some thirty to forty years ago. The present alliance is entirely what our lively neighbours style *un mariage d'amour*; the bridegroom is Princess Isabelle's first-cousin, Prince Jean of Chartres. It was said at one time that the Princess, who is sister to the Queen of Portugal and to the Duchess of Aosta, would probably marry the future King of the Belgians, Prince Albert of Flanders; but she followed her own mother's example, who, it will be remembered, was the first-cousin of the Comte de Paris. The young couple will in future be known as the Duc and Duchesse de Guise, thus bearing one of the finest and oldest French Royal titles, which has been revived by the Duc d'Orléans, who, in his position as Head of the House of France, can, of course, bestow on his relations and followers any title he pleases.

This French Royal marriage reminds an "Old Diplomatist" of a delightful but hitherto unrecorded saying of Lord Malmesbury (the third Earl), when some Orleanist grandee spoke to him of the Duc de Chartres. "Duke de Charter!" exclaimed Lord Malmesbury, purposely putting on a strong British accent; "I thought that the title had passed away with our King John. But probably your friend inherits his other undisputed appellation of Lackland." This occurred during the Third Empire, it should be observed, when the Orléans family had been dispossessed of their estates.

Without a Northcote the House of Commons will be almost as strange as it would be without a Gladstone. The present Sir Stafford, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Sandhurst as Governor-General of Bombay, made his maiden speech in the same debate in which Mr. Herbert Gladstone's voice was first heard in Parliament. Their fathers confronted each other at the time as the leaders of the two great parties. Sir Stafford resembles his father in many respects. He has the same voice, the same shyness, the same mannerisms. He possesses also some of the mental qualities of the elder statesman, and he was carefully trained in great affairs, but he has never aspired to a prominent place in Parliament. Perhaps his father's fate revealed to him the ingratitude of politicians. At any rate, he has not been accustomed to speak once in a Session. He is rather below the middle-height, but is dignified in a placid, self-contained, unobtrusive way, and is married to the adopted daughter of Lord Mount-Stephen, a wealthy Scotch-Canadian.

If Sir Thomas Lipton cannot get hold of a yacht fast enough to beat the *Columbia*, yet he can bear his disappointment well, and his fellow-

countrymen are not likely to forget his gallant attempt to bring back the Cup to Erin. The fact that he left America amid a scene of the greatest enthusiasm, after sharing a loving-cup with the Committee of the New York Yacht Club, shows what the Americans think of him, and I am inclined to agree with Mr. Beach, the member of the Committee who said that the visit had done more to strengthen the bonds of union and sympathy between the two nations than a hundred commissioned diplomats could have done.

Lance-Sergeant J. Gunthorpe, of the Grenadier Guards, calls my attention to the fact that four honours were omitted in *The Sketch* account of the Grenadiers, namely, Lincelles, Sevastopol, Tel-el-Kebir, and Suakin. My apologies to the gallant and famous regiment, and may good luck ever attend on their efforts!

Rosa Bonheur has left her entire fortune, valued at some millions, to an American girl, Anna Elizabeth Klumpke. Not a sou of it was left to France, and this act shows conclusively that, although she never complained, she felt deeply hurt by the inappreciation and neglect of her countrymen. The French world of art, in particular, had treated her to systematic affronts.

She owed them nothing. Her reputation was made by the frank admiration of foreigners, and her millions came from abroad. They came in very large part from the United States, in which country she enjoyed a veritable cult, and she seems to have thought it fitting that they should return whence they came.

Miss Klumpke, into whose lap all these millions have unexpectedly fallen, is a Californian girl who has been for several years past an art-student in Paris, and latterly a pupil of Rosa Bonheur. She exhibited in the last two Salons interesting portraits of the great artist, which portraits have gone, it is said, to American galleries. It was the last delicate attention America paid to the old artist then dying in her harness, and it has been richly repaid. Miss Klumpke is one of three sisters, exceedingly clever young women, who have all met their fortunes in passing through Paris.

One of them studied medicine in Paris, and has married a Paris physician; one is an astronomer, and has been for some eight or ten years attached to the Paris Observatory. Under her direction is being made the elaborate map of the heavens for the French marine service, which this Observatory has had in hand for several years. The third sister is Rosa Bonheur's *protégée*. One may say that these young women were born under propitious stars, or one may say that they have the Yankee ability to help themselves.

One of the most popular of dramatic critics, Mr. Charles Knight, finds recreation in editing that erudite gem of a paper, *Notes and Queries*, to the Jubilee Number of which for Nov. 4 he and Mr. John C. Francis contribute most interesting reminiscences. The portraits of the starter, the late Mr. W. J. Thoms, and of the late Sir C. Wentworth Dilke (father of Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., the present proprietor of *Notes and Queries*), add to the value of this notable issue.



PONTOONS FOR SOUTH AFRICA BEING HAULED UP ON TO THE TRANSPORT.
Photo by Cribb, Southsea.



Mrs. Isellin. Mr. O. O. Isellin.

THE MANAGING OWNER AND HIS WIFE ON BOARD THE "COLUMBIA."



Sir Thomas Lipton.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON STEERING HIS LAUNCH IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

From Photographs by Burton, New York.

The Hon. Huntly Douglas Gordon, who was married on the 24th ult., at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, to Miss Violet Fanshawe, daughter of Mr. J. Gaspard Fanshawe, of Parsloes, Essex, and niece of Admiral Fanshawe, is a son of the late Lord Gordon of Drumearn (who was Lord Advocate for Scotland in the Administrations of Lord Derby in 1867 and of Mr. Disraeli in 1868 and 1874). His eldest brother, the Hon. John E. Gordon, is the Conservative member for Elgin and Nairn Counties. The happy event attracted a large and distinguished gathering of well-known Society people, and the bride looked charming in her lovely wedding-gown of white satin and lace; her three bridesmaids being also attired in white satin. The happy pair afterwards departed for Beechwood, Sir Edgar Sebright's place in Herts, where they are spending the honeymoon.

If what I hear from a good source be true, Zola's study of English life will be inferior. He has grasped sundry palpable eccentricities, but he has failed to understand its true and solid character. The tone of the work will be kindly.

Sarah Bernhardt has apparently little fear of superstition. Every scene that will be portrayed in Rostand's historical drama, "Agilon," will be absolutely reproduced from photographs of the places described. Never in the history of the French stage has a play succeeded when this has been done. It is a curious fact, but it is worth noting. It is just the same at the Nouveautés. Samuel, the proprietor, will never attend a first-night without wearing an old and battered straw-hat that he has had for twenty years. He is convinced that it brings luck, and every time he has adopted a silk-hat pieces have failed.

Since the night when was tolled out from the towers of the old Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, never have the bells sounded for a stranger ceremony than that of last week. The building was arranged for a wedding, and the solemn Swiss Guard stood waiting in silence. Suddenly the whole neighbourhood was roused with the clanging of bells, the tooting of trumpets, and an avalanche of automobiles swept into view. The bride and her parents descended from one snorting, quivering vehicle, the bridegroom from the milder electric, and the whole party invaded the street with these dead but restive beasts. Thousands gathered, and the happy pair were sent away united amid ringing cheers.

Probably the most extraordinary blend that has ever been attempted by any playwright is the "Robinson Crusoe" of Pierre Decourcelle, at the Châtelet, in Paris. Why it is even called "Robinson Crusoe" nobody knows. Where it is intended to be farcical, it is serious; and when drama is suggested, it is ridiculous. Just imagine a white Friday with a black father, the owner of a regiment of white girl-warriors;

a Crusoe that imitates Mounet Sully; his wife, who is a Jane Hading with the most gorgeous robes from the Rue de la Paix; a son who goes out in velvet knickerbockers to the Island of Juan Fernandez; and, above all, a living goat that is pulled about the stage by means of



MISS VIOLET FANSHAW, MARRIED TO THE HON. H. DOUGLAS GORDON
ON OCT. 24.

Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

strings! Decourcelle is as much an Englishman as he is a Frenchman. He admires everything that is British, and speaks the language with so little accent that he might pass for one of us. His delight is Dickens.

The Commemorative Chapel just opened at Wolfsgarten, near Darmstadt, by the Czar and Czaritza of Russia, is erected to the memory of the Empress Marie (born a Princess of Hesse), wife of Alexander II., and grandmother of the present Emperor Nicholas II. Indirectly, the Empress Marie was the means of bringing about a social revolution in many of the reigning families of Europe. Among her Maids-of-Honour was a very pretty young lady, Countess Julia Hauke, whose father, a Pole by birth but a Muscovite by preference, had married the daughter of an Israelitish army contractor. With this damsel, Prince Alexander of Hesse, brother of the Empress, fell deeply in love, and eventually married her in the morganatic or left-handed fashion which still prevails on the Continent. It is needless, perhaps, to state that this *mésalliance*, as it was called in Court circles, provoked the greatest disapproval among the high and mighty; but the Empress upheld her brother, and persuaded the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt to create his sister-in-law Countess of Battenberg, while she herself gave the young couple the estate of Jugenheim. From this union were born Prince Louis of Battenberg, who married Princess Victoria of Hesse; Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the ill-fated ruler of Bulgaria; Prince Henry of Battenberg, who married our Princess Beatrice, and whose death, after volunteering for the second Ashanti War, was so universally deplored; Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, a great favourite of the Queen-Empress; and Countess Erbach-Schoenberg, one of the belles of Southern Germany. But even now that great authority on Continental precedence, "The Almanach de Gotha," only recognises the Battenbergs as ranking in the third or last division of European magnates, nor was the title of Royal Highness, bestowed by our Sovereign on Prince Henry, ever recognised abroad.

The Memorial Chapel is, of course, dedicated to the rites of the Russo-Greek Church, and is built in the semi-Asiatic style of the seventeenth century, such as is best exemplified perhaps at Moscow. The architect is M. Louis le Benois, a gentleman of French descent, and the splendid decorations in mosaic are from designs by the famous Russian painter, Wasnizoff. It is a curious fact that for many years the Russian Colony at Darmstadt, including their resident Minister, used, unless opportunity permitted their visiting Jugenheim, to worship at the Church of England services, held in the chapel of the Old Castle at Darmstadt. At Jugenheim, by the way, the Duke of Edinburgh (now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha) was solemnly betrothed to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the mother of the Hereditary Princess of Roumania, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, who will be sixteen in April next.



THE HON. H. DOUGLAS GORDON (SON OF THE LATE LORD GORDON OF DRUMEARN); MARRIED TO MISS VIOLET FANSHAW ON OCT. 24.

Photo by Vandyk, Gloucester Road, S.W.

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MAJOR-GENERAL HILDYARD AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF,

WHO LEFT FOR THE CAPE ON FRIDAY, OCT. 20.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING-MEN FOR "THE FRONT."

The selection of Major-General Henry John Thoroton Hildyard, C.B., *p.s.c.* (to give him all his names and titles), as officer in command of the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division of the Army Corps in South Africa, is a particularly "happy thought" on the part of the War Office. This is occasioned by the fact that General Hildyard, in occupying the appointment, is able to bring to it a considerable amount of valuable experience—both of an administrative and a purely fighting nature—that cannot but stand him in good stead. Thus, as a Staff-Officer, he has filled the responsible posts of Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General and Assistant-Adjutant-General at the War Office, and a similar appointment at Aldershot, while, as a fighting soldier, he saw a great deal of active service in Egypt during the progress of the earlier campaigns in that country. Among the battles at which he was present on these occasions were those of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. For his services in this latter he was accorded the distinction of being "mentioned in despatches," and was promoted by Brevet to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy. The order of the 4th Class of the Osmanieh was also granted him by the Khedive, and as, in addition to this decoration, he received the war-medal and bronze star that were awarded to all engaged in the expedition, the conclusion of hostilities saw him in possession of a very creditable "breast."

The regiment to which General Hildyard was first appointed was the Highland Light Infantry. Previous to commencing his military career, however, he spent five years in the Royal Navy, and thus shares with Sir Evelyn Wood the distinction of having held a commission in both Services of the Crown. On leaving the sea, he entered the Army as an Ensign on March 9, 1867, and became a full Colonel just nineteen years later. As has been mentioned, a good deal of the intervening period was filled up with service on the Staff. For this his mental attainments eminently fitted him, for (as is evidenced by the letters *p.s.c.* after his name) he triumphantly passed the Staff College examination some years ago. His promotion to Major-General dates from May of this year, and came to him while stationed at Aldershot. Here he has commanded the 3rd Infantry Brigade since February 1898. This appointment, however, he has now been compelled to relinquish. Nevertheless he will by no means lose touch with those with whom he has lately been associated, for several of the battalions which have served under him in this training-ground are accompanying him to South Africa. For his personal staff, he has chosen Major Louis Munro (Hampshire Regiment) to act as Brigade-Major, and Lieutenant A. Blair (King's Own Scottish Borderers) as Aide-de-Camp.

It is, perhaps, rather invidious to draw distinctions between one Line regiment and another, but one can scarcely refer to a corps such as the East Surrey (the 2nd Battalion of which will be fighting for Queen and Country in South Africa very soon) without remarking upon its exceptionally distinguished records. As everyone knows, the British Infantry is—above all other branches of the Service—the factor which has won for us the wide-spreading Empire over which the English flag floats so proudly. For some reason or other, however—possibly the mere fortune of war—the regiment mentioned has done more to contribute towards our far-reaching sovereignty than have the majority of others. In evidence of this, one has but to think for a moment of the long roll of glorious names which, emblazoned upon the colours of the corps, eloquently testify to its presence on so many a hard-fought field of battle in the past. It is a goodly list indeed—extending from Dettingen to Suakin, and including in its score of entries such famous names in England's military history as those of Talavera, Albuhera, Cabool, Moodkee, Sobraon, Sevastopol, Taku Forts, and Afghanistan.

Through the instrumentality of the "Territorial System," the two battalions of this famous corps were formed by amalgamating the old 31st and 70th Regiments of Foot. While the first of these had been recruited from Huntingdonshire, the second always drew the greater portion of its rank and file from the eastern part of Surrey. For this reason, when the regiment took its present shape, the War Office gave it the county title by which it is now known. As an additional reason for associating the corps with Surrey, the dépôt of both battalions has been established at Kingston. Here the young recruits are carefully instructed in the preliminary mysteries of the military career, and—when sufficiently proficient therein—are transferred to the ranks of that one of the regiment's service battalions which stands most in need of reinforcing at the time.

The officer in command of the 2nd Battalion (which, as has been said, is on its way to the front) is Lieut.-Colonel R. H. W. H. Harris. He joined the Army in 1870, and served in the Afghan Campaign of 1878, and the Mahsood Wuzereer Expedition of 1881. His second in command is Major H. W. Pearce, who also went through the Afghan War of twenty years ago. Among the other officers serving under Colonel Harris are Major H. C. Smith and Captains F. White and W. H. Ellis.

The 2nd Battalion of the regiment was formed in 1758, and, as in its early days it was largely recruited from Scotland (where it was first stationed), it was commonly known as the "Glasgow Greys." In 1759, however, it was sent to the South of England, where it remained for some years. The title of "Surrey" was, it is interesting to note, bestowed upon it in 1782 by command of His Majesty George III., "with a view of promoting the recruiting service in a distinct part of the Kingdom." Among the many stations abroad in which the battalion has served in the past have been the West Indies, North America, Canada, Gibraltar, Malta, and India.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

With no thought of being in the smallest degree discourteous to our American cousins, who have of late sent such excellent companies to some of the Metropolitan theatres, it is a subject of pleasant reflection that the forthcoming musical play, "Florodora," by Messrs. Owen Hall and Leslie Stuart, will be presented at the Lyric Theatre by a company of players entirely English, practically, and whose names are ample guarantees of individual talent and collective strength, offering every reasonable probability of attaining success.

The baritone lead will be undertaken by Mr. Melville Stewart, whose splendid voice has made him a reputation wherever first-class opera has been performed throughout the United States; but, be it known, Mr. Stewart is not an American, having been born in Brixton, while his parents are "English, quite English, you know."

When Melville Stewart left England for America, nine years ago, he carried to New York one of Nature's greatest gifts—a baritone voice of exceptional purity and sympathetic timbre. Almost immediately on Mr. Stewart's arrival in New York, he started singing in an operatic company under Mr. J. C. Duff—the brother-in-law, by the way, of Augustin Daly—at the Standard Theatre. Six months afterwards he was winning appreciative Press-notice in San Francisco as a member of a company whose fortnightly repertory included "Satanella," in which he appeared as Barrachio; "Lurline," in which he played Rhineberg; and in many parts of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Under Mr. J. C. Duff again, he made a decided "hit," both as regards his artistic make-up and his vocal execution, as Prince Antarsid in Suppé's "Trip to Africa." There then followed one or two touring engagements.

Mr. Stewart's next engagement was with the Empire Opera Company, in which he played lead in "The Chimes of Normandy" (here known as "Les Cloches de Corneville"), in "Ermine," "La Belle Hélène," and "Poor Jonathan." His next appearance was with Miss Della Fox's Opera Company, which presented "Fleur de Lys" and the well-known "Little Trooper." Then followed an engagement with Mr. Edward E. Rice, who put on at Manhattan Beach the extravaganza entitled "1492"; and Mr. Stewart is not a little proud of the encomiums he received for his appearance in "The Caliph" under Jeff de Angelis.

Mr. Stewart next joined the Castle Square Opera Company, and especially noticeable, as regards his successes, were the performances of "The Beggar Student," "The Black Hussar," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Carmen," and "Il Trovatore." Some idea of the great range of Mr. Stewart's abilities may be deduced from the fact that his repertory consists of no less than sixty operas.

I think Mr. Melville Stewart is decidedly fortunate in having Miss Evie Greene as the prima donna in "Florodora." In casting her to play the beautiful wild songstress of the island of "Florodora," the management have shown the best judgment. If Miss Greene fairly represents the indigenous population of the Philippine Islands, I am not surprised that America determined to conquer them, for Miss Greene has lovely eyes and a beautiful complexion, while she walks like a queen and sings like an angel. Evidently when Mr. Tom Davis walks abroad he keeps both his eyes and his ears open, for he brought her from the provinces.

Then there is dainty Miss Kate Cutler, who will play the part of the perfume-distiller's daughter. It is quite notable how very sincerely the public heart is enamoured of this clever actress, whose sweet personality and thoroughly English mien have so firmly engaged the respectful admiration of us all. To run over in one's mind the charming parts she has played, and to recall a few of her dainty ditties, accompanied frequently by little dances which are always illustrative of the poetry of motion, is a real pleasure. How fresh in my memory is her piquant personation of the title-role in "The French Maid"! How often have I not enjoyed "Once Bit, Twice Shy," "What a Naughty Little Lad was Cupid!" and "Puff, Puff, Puff," and others of her songs in "Little Miss Nobody"! How charming she was in "Monte Carlo," and what a tempting Trilby she made in the burlesque of that play at the Opéra Comique! I am positively pining for the production of "Florodora," if for no other reason than to welcome her on that occasion.

Equally delightful, but of a somewhat different style, is that wickedly bewitching songstress, Miss Ada Reeve, who will "set her cap" at the susceptible scent-purveyor. I hear that Ada has a splendid part in "Florodora," and everyone is envying her. She is a practised actress, for she has been on the boards from a child, and only left when she got into her teens and became a sort of three-quarter girl. But she continued to face the footlights at the halls, where she had a great success with the songs, "What Do I Care?" "I'm a Little Too Young to Know," and "Now will You be Good?" By-and-by, she took the town by storm at the Duke of York's as "The Gay Parisienne," after which she went touring in Australia. On her return she joined Mr. Arthur Roberts as Celeste in "Lord Sir Smith," in which character she is pictured on another page. While playing this part she also appeared with her charming coon-song, "Do, do, do," at the Palace, as she did also when personating Cleopatra in "Great Caesar." I understand that she will be paid a fabulous salary in "Florodora," and she will earn it, as she is an artist to her finger-tips.

One other member of the "Florodora" company deserves immediate notice—namely, Miss Lydia West, who has played in a variety of parts, but in none more charmingly than in "Little Miss Nobody" and "L'Amour Mouillé."

"FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



MISS LYDIA WEST, WHO PLAYS ONE OF THE "BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH GIRLS."
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS KATE CUTLER, WHO PLAYS ANGELA GILFAIN.
Photo by Lillie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.



MR. MELVILLE STEWART, WHO PLAYS FRANK ABERCOED.
Photo by Boyce's Studio, Washington.



MISS EVIE GREENE, WHO PLAYS DOLORES.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS (NINETY-SECOND):

FIGHTING BRAVELY IN NATAL.

This historic regiment, in its picturesque and warlike garb, bears on its colours records of heroic deeds from the days of the Covenanters in Scotland down to our most recent struggles for the safety of the frontiers of our vast Empire.

The war-cry of the hardy Highlander re-echoed in the Pass of Roncesvalles, among the wild mountains of the Pyrenees, the spot famous in the legend of Roland, the mightiest of Charlemagne's paladins, who, covering the retreat of his King's army, fell amongst a heap of slain, and with his last breath sounded a blast on his horn that brought his friend and Sovereign hurrying back to his assistance—too late, alas!

At Puebla we find the "Gay Gordons" crossing the Jadorra River and ascending a mountain behind the village to which the chivalrous Spaniards had given the name of "Alturas de los Ingleses."

This name recalls the heroic death of two gallant knights, Sir Thomas and Sir William Felton.

It was in 1367, and the Black Prince had hastened to Spain to assist

1799 found them engaged in sharp fighting near the Helder in Holland, adding Egmont-op-Zee to their honours. In 1800 we find them sailing for Egypt, taking part in the battle of Aboukir in 1801. On March 13 the "Gordons" gallant leader, Lieut.-Colonel Erskine, falls mortally wounded at Mandora, in which action the regiment assists in routing the enemy and captures two field-guns and one howitzer.

After Alexandria and Rosetta, Cairo surrenders; shortly afterwards Alexandria capitulates, and Napoleon's ambition of founding a base to support operations for the conquest of East India is shattered.

A second battalion was raised in 1803. Again, in 1807, we find the "Gay Gordons" forcing Copenhagen to surrender, and then making an excursion, not marked by any particular incident, to Sweden. Thence we follow them to Portugal and Spain, where they came under the command of Sir John Moore.

In 1809 we find them fighting in front of Lugo, gaining another "honour" at Corunna, where Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Napier dies a soldier's death. The years 1811 and 1812 add further laurels, such as



COMMANDEERED! SOME OF THE HORSES SEIZED BY THE BOERS AT JOHANNESBURG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUFFUS BROTHERS, JOHANNESBURG.

Peter, King of Castile, to recover his throne. The Black Prince was fighting and conquering between Navarrete and Najera, many a long league from Vitoria, and beyond the Ebro. He had left the two knights with two hundred companions on the heights behind La Puebla, probably to guard the lines of communication with the sea. This gallant little band was attacked and surrounded by Don Tello with six thousand men; every man of the two hundred fell fighting.

The 92nd were raised in 1794 by the Duke of Gordon, embodied under the command of the Marquis of Huntly at Aberdeen, and titled the "Gordon Highlanders."

Their *raison d'être* was the declaration of war by the National Convention against England and Holland after the Revolution. The yellow facings to their scarlet coats remained the same through all the many changes in the uniforms of other British regiments. No doubt, the yellow stripe in their tartan and their yellow facings, forming a contrast to the sombre tartan and dark-blue facings of the "Black Watch," earned them their nickname of "Gay Gordons."

"Gay Gordons," indeed! England's enemies have found them uncommonly serious when defending the rights of their countrymen and chastising those who rebel against the Sovereign's authority, as they did in Corsica in 1796.

It was in Ireland in 1798 that the 92nd first encountered the enemy whom they were destined to fight with for many years, the French. After the action of Ballymory the French surrendered at discretion.

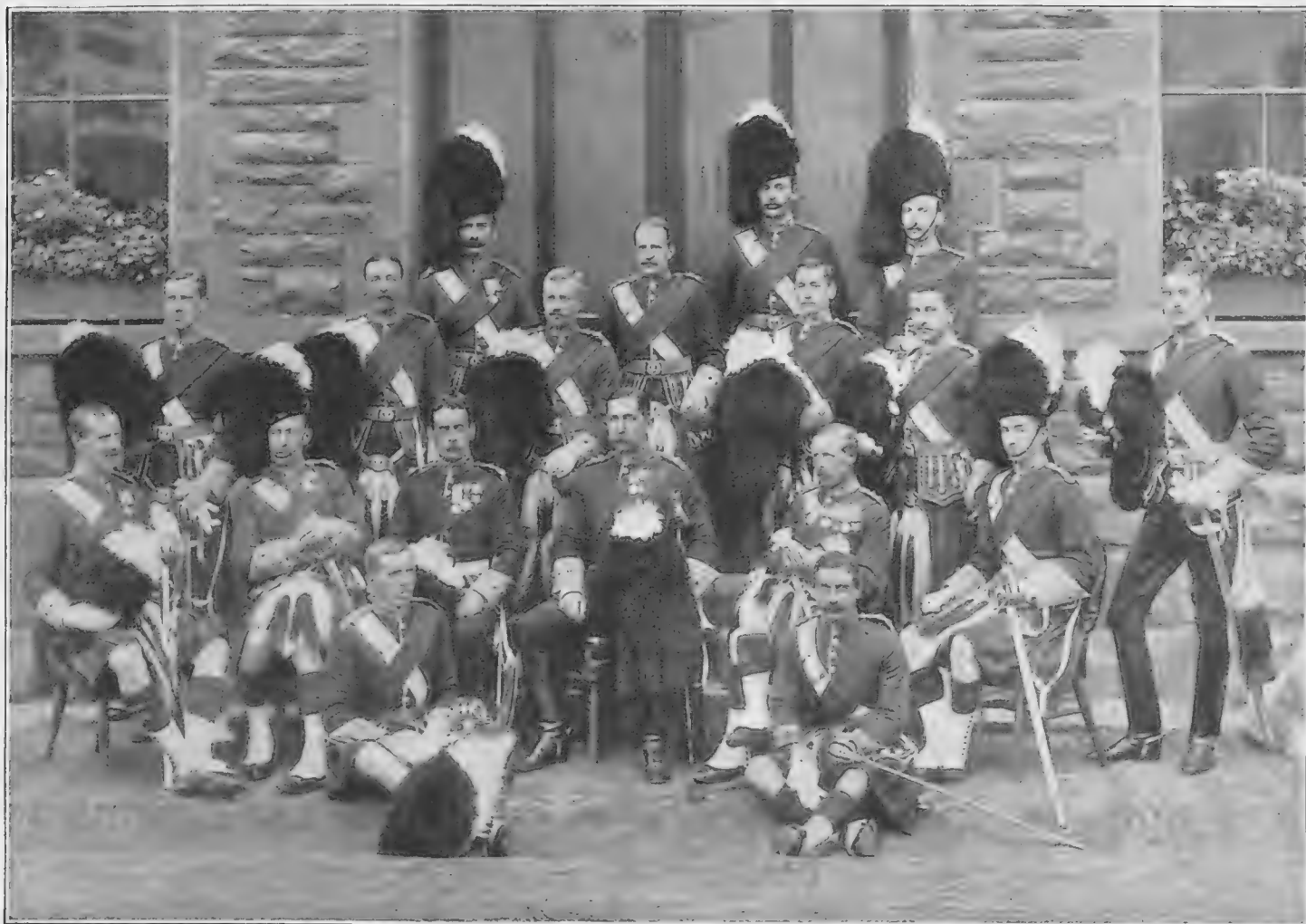
the names of Torres Vedras, Badajoz, Fuentes d'Onor, Albuhera, Ciudad Rodrigo, El Bodon, and Salamanca bear witness of.

In 1813 the French had been forced back constantly towards the Ebro, and were making their way across the Pyrenees when they were drawn into the series of engagements about Vitoria and Pampeluna. It was after these actions, at which the "Gordons" materially assisted, that Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, of the 92nd, was knighted and granted permission to bear the word "Maya" on his shield; his crest a Highlander, up to the middle in water, holding a broadsword in the right hand, and in the left a banner inscribed "92nd" and surrounded by a wreath of laurel, as motto over it, "Arriverete," in recognition of the gallant crossing of a river of that name by the Gordon Highlanders.

Orthes, another epoch-making name in the Peninsular War, tells of deeds of daring of the 92nd.

At last, at the downfall of Napoleon's soaring ambition, we find Napoleon exclaiming, "Ces braves Ecossais!" as a tribute to the irresistible charge of the "Gordons" and Scots Greys at La Haye Sainte, where two eagles and two thousand prisoners were taken by brawny Highland arms. With their "blushing honours thick upon them," we now find the "Gay Gordons" again to the front, the 2nd Battalion, with terrible losses, driving the Boers out of their mountain fastnesses at Eland's Laagte, the 1st Battalion (the Dargai heroes), with all Great Britain's and our beloved Queen's good wishes to speed them, on their way to help their brothers and defend the rights of their countrymen in South Africa.

TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.



OFFICERS OF THE 2ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS.



THE 2ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN REVIEW ORDER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

AS INAMURA NANOYA IN "THE MOONLIGHT BLOSSOM," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BARON VON MEYER.



MISS ADA REEVE,

THE GREAT LONDON FAVOURITE WHO WILL SCORE ANOTHER TRIUMPH AS LADY HOLYROOD IN "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

"THE BLACK TULIP," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

From Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE,
WHO PLAYS GRYPHUS, THE JAILER.



ROSA (MISS WINIFRED EMERY) BEING TAUGHT TO READ BY DR. VAN
BAERLE (MR. CYRIL MAUDE) THROUGH HIS PRISON-DOOR.



MR. FREDERICK HARRISON, THE STATELY WILLIAM OF ORANGE.



MR. MARK KINGHORNE, WHO PLAYS THE VILLAINOUS ISAAC BOXTEL.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE BLACK TULIP," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Dr. Cornelis Van Baerle, the grower of the famous black tulip, after chains and imprisonment wins for his bride his jailer's lovely daughter.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.



THE RIGHT HON. ALDERMAN NEWTON, LORD MAYOR-ELECT OF LONDON.

He was elected as one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex in 1888, and is connected with some of the largest houses of business in London. A biographical notice will be found on page 116. This photograph is by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

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THE REVIVAL OF THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT

AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL



MISS KATHARINE STEWART, WHO PLAYS LADY ADELAIDE BOOTH IN
"A MODERN CRAZE."

Photo by the Falk Studios, Sydney.



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, WHO IS GIVING A NEW SKETCH, ENTITLED
"THE TRIALS OF AN ENTERTAINER."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MR. W. G. ELLIOT, THE ENTERPRISING MANAGER AND HIS OWN
LEADING MAN.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



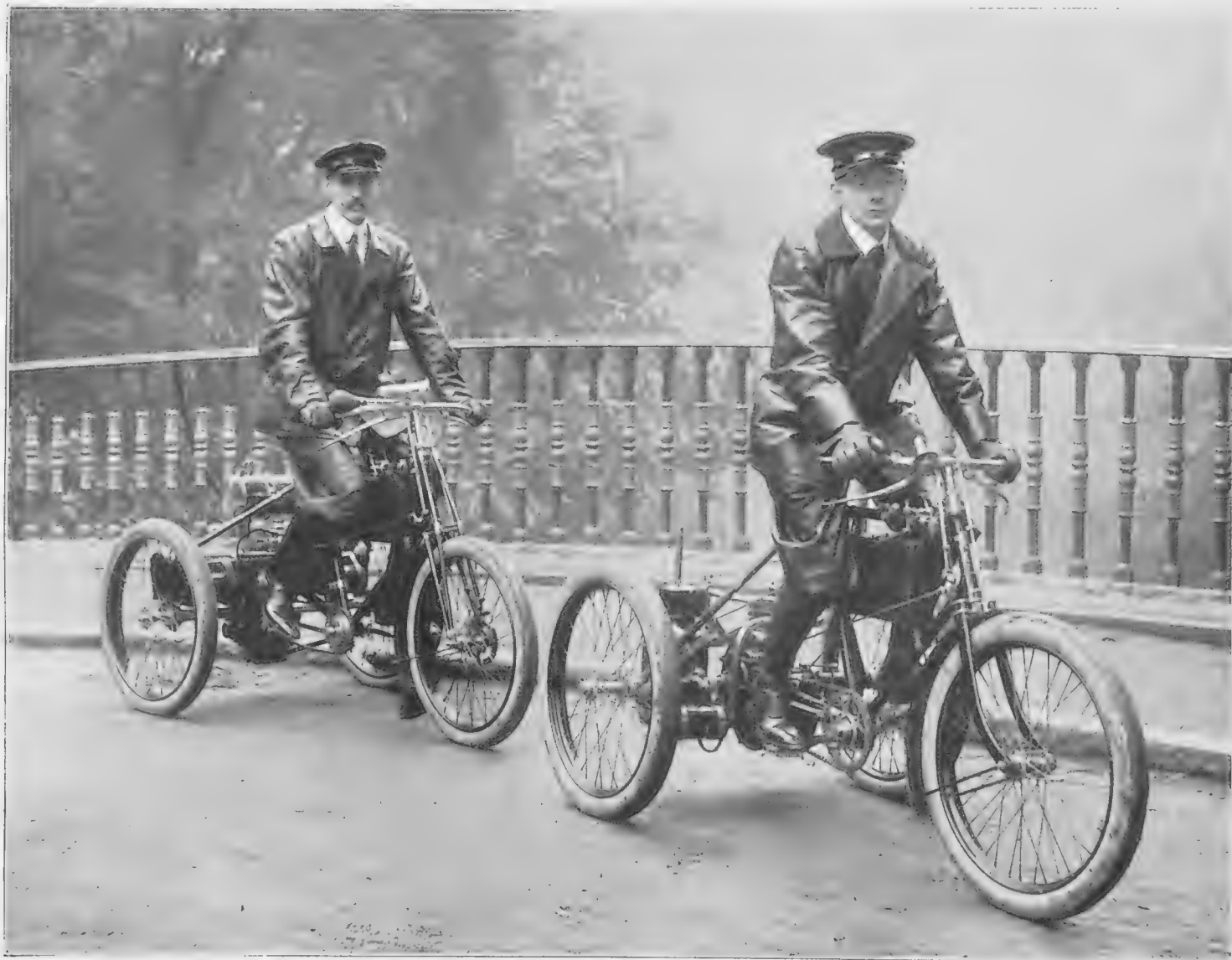
MISS RUTH MAITLAND, WHO PLAYS THE HON. MAUD FITZROY IN
"A MODERN CRAZE."

Photo by the Stanley Galleries.



THE FLIGHT FROM JOHANNESBURG ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR BY THE BOERS: WAITING FOR THE CAPE TRAIN. A GOOD MANY REFUGEES ARE BLESSING MR. KRUGER FOR SUCH PLEASANT LITTLE PICNICS AS THESE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUFFUS BROTHERS, JOHANNESBURG.



Mr. Hugo de Bathe.

MR. HUGO DE BATHE (MRS. LANGTRY'S HUSBAND) AND MR. MOFFAT FORD UPON THEIR RACING MOTOR-TRICYCLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

To-morrow the Prince of Wales completes his fifty-eighth year, having been born at twelve minutes to eleven on the morning of that day, in 1841, at Buckingham Palace. There is nothing like being exact about these things. The Prince, of course, is the second of the Queen's children, the Empress Frederick having been born in the November of the year previous, also at Buckingham Palace. The Prince has now been married thirty-six years, and it is a curious fact that his Royal Highness's birthday was the late Czar's wedding-day, while the latter's birthday was also the anniversary of the Prince's marriage.

It is interesting to note that, in a military sense, the Prince is personally interested in the doings of some of the regiments taking part in the present war in South Africa. Besides being a Field-Marshal, the Prince is Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Life Guards, the 2nd Life Guards, and the Royal Horse Guards, a composition of which is about to be sent to the seat of war. Then His Royal Highness is Colonel of the 10th Hussars, which embarked on Nov. 4 and 5 for Port Elizabeth, to be attached to the Second Division, under the command of Lieut.-General C. F. Clery; while the Gordon Highlanders, the 2nd Battalion of which fought so pluckily at Eland's Laagte, also proudly acknowledge the Prince as their Chief. Besides these, His Royal Highness is also the Colonel of one Yeomanry regiment, three Militia regiments, and six Volunteer regiments. Abroad, he is a Field-Marshal in the German Army, and Colonel of the 5th Pomeranian Blücher Hussars, also Colonel of the Austro-Hungarian 12th Regiment of Hussars.

An interesting veteran, in Mr. Joseph Arch, M.P., becomes seventy-three years old on Nov. 10. Mr. Arch, of course, represents the constituency in which Sandringham is situated, and the Prince, when alluding to the matter, never fails to speak of Mr. Arch as "our Member." Last year, it will be remembered, the Prince, in company with Lady Warwick, visited Mr. Arch in his cottage-home at Barford, and spent a sociable half-hour in talking over old times. Though the cross-bench attitude of the Prince is one that favours neither political party, it may be added that there is a deep suspicion in certain quarters that the Royal voter goes to the polling-place to make a mark for Mr. Arch. The aged Member, however, has intimated his intention of retiring at the General Election.

Lord Rothschild was born on Nov. 8, 1840, and therefore celebrates his birthday to-day. His Lordship is the male heir of old Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of the wealth of the family. The latter's son became an English subject, and the father of Lord Rothschild was the grandson of old Mayer. For twenty years Lord Rothschild sat in the House of Commons as Member for Aylesbury, and in 1885 he was promoted to the Peerage—the first Jew to receive the honour. It was Mr. Gladstone who created the innovation, but Lord Rothschild is now a follower of Lord Salisbury. A great friend of the Prince of Wales, the millionaire Lord has received the additional honour of being elected a member of that exclusive coterie, the Marlborough Club.

The rapid publication of despatches sent by telegraph from the seat of war is in striking contrast to the methods of the past, when weeks elapsed before the glad tidings of a victory reached England, and weeks more before the news had circulated throughout the country. It was by means of a special courier from Belgium, who brought private news of the result of the Battle of Waterloo, that the Rothschilds were able to work the Money Market and make their fortunes while their rivals were in ignorance of the victory. There used to be an Army custom of granting to the bearer of despatches announcing a victory the sum of £500 and promotion in rank.

A NEW INVASION OF THE WEST.

When the future Litchfield writes his History of Furniture, or, to be more nicely accurate as well as more cumbrous, his History of the Decorative and Domestic Arts, he will have a great mass of material for his account of England in the last quarter of the century. For the old order has changed; the few great houses which offered art to the rich, and the many little ones which supplied ugliness to the poor, have almost disappeared, to find their place taken by modern establishments which recognise the fact that the middle class outweighs the ends. Reasonable charges, good workmanship, and the use of the splendid designs due to what may be called the Renaissance in English decorative work, are the vital factors of the change. Just now, another competitor has entered into the lists, for I discovered, when walking down Bond Street, that Wallace, whom I had heard of as a furniture-maker in Curtain Road, somewhere in the East End, has invaded Bond Street—the friend of the millions has invaded the haunt of the millionaires. Of course, for the moment I suspected that Wallace had mistaken Bond Street for Edgware Road; but when I had satisfied my curiosity by taking a peep at the goods in the new premises, I found that I was wrong, for the new house—or rather, the invader—seems well aware that people do not go to Bond Street to buy furniture for a four-pair back in the Borough Road. At the moment he seems content to leave the mil-

lionaires alone, and perhaps most of them at this critical moment are too busy trying to set their houses in order to think much of decorating or furnishing them. He is offering to the fairly well-to-do; and also the wealthy, of the middle class, pieces of furniture made in a style creditable to the country—that is to say, excellent in wood, sharp and true in the cutting, and showing in their design the modern activity of thought which in an eclectic fashion seeks the beautiful in the English master-workers of the beginning of this century, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, in the charming ideas of France under her Monarchy and First



THE LADIES' PARADISE.

Empire, and in the efforts of modern designers, the source of whose inspiration need hardly be discussed.

To offer these, perhaps, would not be altogether a novelty, but there is something new in offering them at what may be called East-End prices—that is, prices adapted to the needs of those able only to spend shillings where we throw away pounds. Of course, so far as I could see, the place is not a Tom Tiddler's ground. Good workmen need good wages, good wood costs good money, and good designers must have something to live on, though not a few seem to think that they ought to be like Lord Lytton's chameleon, and "feed on air." Therefore, it is not to be suggested that even the invader will offer you valuable furniture without charging cost-price, plus a reasonable profit—a profit according to the canons of the East rather than the West. There are people who profess to make a living out of selling things below cost-price—it is only charitable to think of them as of the Islanders who earned their living by taking in one another's washing. Except Bradshaw, and, indeed, the "Biblia-à-Biblia" of Charles Lamb—which, of course, does not include the railway-guide—there is little, to my mind, more perfectly unreadable, save to the expert, than descriptions of individual pieces of furniture; wherefore, I will not speak in detail of the pretty pieces of furniture for the salon, of the comfortable and dainty appointments for my lady's chamber, of the admirable specimens of English oak and English-brought mahogany for dining-rooms, and the stores of well-chosen broads for curtains and coverings, and carpets for floors. What there is, is good, and little is missing, whilst all shows a sincere effort to make you "buy and come again."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The hope—a fair enough hope to entertain—that the lessons of the last Boer War would not be forgotten in the present conflict has been bitterly disappointed. Sir George White has repeated and magnified the blunders of Sir George Colley. It was doubtless manly and honourable for him to take on himself the entire blame for the disaster suffered; but, so far as we know at present, to him is due the discredit of the defeat. The Ladysmith loss is only a larger edition of the many murderous blunders of the Tirah campaign. Positions stormed at considerable cost, only to be evacuated next day; detachments sent out into difficult country without supports or communications with the main body—all the old mistakes of the last Frontier War have been repeated against an enemy far more numerous and better-armed than the Afridis. It was hardly necessary for a force so largely inferior as Sir George White's to attack at all; but, if he attacked, his only chance of success was to keep all his forces together. Instead of this, he apparently pushed out a couple of battalions and a mountain-battery into hilly country, to hold "an untenable position," and had no definite knowledge of their doings till a survivor came in under flag of truce from the enemy! If only signalling had been organised between the main force and the detachment, the exposed battalions could have been rescued or retired in time. But though the outlying force was supposed to cover a flank, it was not in touch with the wing it was to protect, and it was evidently possible to interpose between the covering force and the main body.

Whether the results of the disaster are serious or not will depend on many contingencies. If Sir George White remains on the defensive—which he should have done from the first—ten thousand British troops ought to protect the position as well as twelve thousand. A week will bring a fresh brigade; two or three more weeks a new force larger than that now in South Africa. And if their success emboldens the Boers to deliver an assault, it will be a snare to them. But it is in vain to speculate. Before these lines are in print the fate of the Natal campaign will be practically settled. With ordinary military prudence, there should be no further disaster, heavy as the odds are. The recent defeat was due apparently to ignoring of the elementary principles of warfare.

Meanwhile, the Continental enemies of England will, of course, send up their shrill pæan of exultation. At last, at last, the ruin of Perfidious Albion, proclaimed with assiduity for the last two hundred years, will be regarded as an accomplished fact—till the Army Corps arrives. The unspeakable cad who lately exulted over the Queen's grief for her soldiers slain and wounded will foam with delirious joy. Unofficial German papers will gloat over our defeat, and Belgians yap at the heels of the Power that made them a nation. All this we can expect, and must endure. After all, it can be little worse than we have endured already.

Meanwhile, there is no cause for despair, though much for annoyance. The lesson we have again, for the hundredth time, been taught is that we generally lose in the beginning of a war by unreadiness. The disaster suffered is exactly like that at the outset of that Zulu War by which we saved the Boers to sting us. It is due to dividing our forces in the face of an enterprising enemy in superior numbers—an enemy who, holding our main body by a receding curtain of troops, fell with crushing force on an isolated detachment. The opportunity was obvious to the simplest strategy, and it was taken.

But one defeat does not settle the campaign or the war. The Royalist peasants of La Vendée reduced the French Republic to worse straits than did the armies of the Coalitions; but the Revolutionary tide engulfed La Vendée. The Romans had their Caudine Forks, the place of an army's surrender; but what became of the sturdy Samnites? If we have our reverses, we must say nothing, and do better next time; and the dear friends across the Channel, who proclaim our decadence three times a week, will eventually recognise accomplished facts, and pocket their increased dividends from the gold-mines.

For, after all, this hatred is largely unconscious homage. Nobody thinks of inveighing against Spain or Holland. It is because the Anglo-Saxon is rich and generally fortunate, and goes his way without overmuch regard for delicate susceptibilities, that he is denounced when he wins and exulted over when he loses. At any rate, if our Generals are not always successful, they remain honest men. Fancy a Mercier or a Roget meeting with such a check! How he would strain and wriggle in order to shuffle the discredit off on to another's shoulders! How he would garble and suppress the details of his failure! And how, unfortunately, his political opponents would accuse him of deliberate treachery towards his own side, of conniving at the massacre of his own men!

The answer of the War Office to the ill-news is the best. We have lost two battalions; we send out three. Only, how much better it had been if the two and the three had both been there already!—MARMITON.

PAINLESS MATRIMONY.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Readers are constantly sending me letters complaining that they are not married, and, as it is the ordinary routine of an editor's duty not only to take entire charge of the medical, legal, and religious affairs of his readers, but also to "bring the young people together," I hasten to publish a few advertisements, for the results of which I take no responsibility whatever. *Ad valorem* fees will be charged, payable to the Editor [or the Sub-Editor.—SUB-ED.], and, as I have definite information of several people who have found marriage a success, and are still undivorced, these advertisements, besides reminding those already married how they were taken in, may put many harmless persons (comparatively) out of pain. Readers should note that at present the supply of nice-looking people with money is not equal to the demand.

13674. Dutch gentleman, hurriedly returned from the Transvaal, which he finds unhealthy, owning shares in valuable monopolies, seeks engagement as husband to an heiress who will not object to dig the garden or whitewash ceilings. No washing. Strictly religious, but not so much so as to interfere with a sound development of his financial affairs. Ex-M.P. (Member of the Volksraad). Economical; out of a salary of £5000 has latterly been saving £10,000 a-year. No English need apply. Address, in first instance, "Prayer Book," Camberwell.

501. Elderly Irish youth, of moderate means, but fond of music; fair, tall, dark. Good hand with a blunderbuss, accustomed to the use of dynamite in all its branches, and has house rent-free in Sligo. No land agents. Wishes to meet with heady, determined girl (with money), not easily scared or whims about having a roof to the house or regular meals. Has fairly temperate habits. No questions answered. "Genuine" [that is, not made of plaster-of-Paris or stuffed with brown paper.—ED.]. Profession, political agitator.—Address, "Nitro-Glycerine," Tare-an-Ages, Sligo.

2679. Daughter of American lard-king desires engagement. Young, pretty, not been divorced lately. No objection to English millionaire owner of racing-yacht. Speaks French (Parisian). Is one of the seventy-five people in New York Society, but quite willing to receive English Royal Family. A rare nibble. Coat of arms, ancestors (just discovered, time of Norman Conquest), &c., all in perfect order.

3475 B. Urgent. Prince Potztausend von Dreipfennige wishes to treat with heiress at earliest possible moment. Cyclist, musical. Will make himself generally useful as company director, &c.; not squeamish. Beer money. Remittance for immediate use acceptable. Splendid chance for Colonial family who wish to raise themselves. Inoffensive. To be heard of for a week at the Receiver's Office. Stamped envelope (retainable, in case negotiations fall through).

10,003. Spinster, 49, but looks half it. No reasonable offer refused, except from poets. Would make useful wife for racing-man or young actor. Plays backgammon well. Crochet, plain and fancy. Does not play the piano. Grandfather a Colonel of Volunteers. [Don't all speak at once, young men.—ED.]

1,000,000. "Empire-Builder" wishes to make this, the only, intimation that he cannot entertain offers of matrimony, his time being engaged considerably in advance. Admirers may, however, buy shares in his companies. However advisable for women, he considers marriage an utter mistake for men. (Don't address "Cecil," Pretoria (removed from Salisbury, Rhodesia).)

NEWSBOYS AND THE WAR.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and the war has been very kind to the paper-boys. On several evenings last week, penny papers were sold out, and the citizen coming from theatre, music-, or concert-hall had to take a halfpenny one and pay a penny for it. At Victoria Station and in Piccadilly (writes a correspondent) I found newsboys who refused to sell halfpenny issues for less than a penny, and one demanded twopence, and was seldom or never refused. I followed a youngster's progress on the Metropolitan Railway the other afternoon. He entered a third-class carriage at Farringdon Street. I followed him. He had a very large bundle of the *Star*, and he occupied himself between stations in folding and making them into packets. At Portland Road his shrill whistle brought an associate who was waiting the arrival of the train. To him one bundle was hurriedly delivered, certain figures were shouted, and then the train went on. By this time the compartment, intended for ten, held fourteen people; we were crowded like herrings in a barrel; but the boy managed to manipulate his bundles as though he were alone in the carriage, and he shed sheaf after sheaf as we stopped at Edgware Road Station and its successors up to Notting Hill Gate, where he himself alighted with the few remaining quires. Most of us would be ill-content to work so hard for a shilling or two; but this boy, who could not have been more than thirteen years old, worked happily and merrily enough, and told me trade had not been so brisk for a long time. "'Ope we takes a good time woppin' of 'em," he said, referring to the Boers. Clearly business comes before patriotism in his case, and it would do the same with most of us in a similar case.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-seven (from July 26 to October 18, 1899) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any *Newsagent*, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



"THE BILL": AN OLD COMEDY IN ONE ACT. COVENT GARDEN BALL SUPPER. TIME: 2 A.M.

NAUGHTY OLD GENTLEMAN (*between his teeth*): Dear me!

MEN OF KENT AND KENTISH MEN AT DINNER.

Lord Harris presided over a large gathering of "Men of Kent" and "Kentish Men" at the Second Annual Dinner of the Association on Thursday, the 26th ult., at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P. for Canterbury, being one of the guests of the evening.

There was a touch of pathos in his Lordship's voice when he gave the toast of "The Queen and Royal Family," and stated that, while proud and elated over the glorious victories and prowess of our soldiers, Her Majesty's motherly heart felt a great sympathy for those who had friends and relatives to mourn who fell while fighting for a noble cause in South Africa.

Captain Owen, in proposing the toast of the "Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces," whilst attaching due importance to the "Army and Navy," drew attention to the object-lesson, given to the world in the Transvaal War, of our practically limitless Reserve Forces, illustrated by the patriotic contingents furnished by our Colonies. He then humorously stated that it was one of the privileges of Men of Kent to grumble, and they had a grievance which he felt it was his duty to air. The county of Kent was virtually the birthplace of the British Navy, but

Mr. J. Bills, ex-Chairman of Council, in reply, gave a *résumé* of the work of the past season, and eulogised those who had co-operated with him, and represented the present members of the Council as a sterling body of workers.

Mr. Charles Larking, Hon. Auditor, gave the toast of "The Visitors," coupling with it the name of the Member for Canterbury.

Mr. Henniker-Heaton, in reply, expressed his pride in being a "Man of Kent," and told how it gratified him to find in America, Australia, and Canada that Kentish men remembered their birthplace by bestowing its name on their farms. He also expressed his great pleasure at being the guest of the Association, and trusted that it might be his privilege to meet its members many times again.

Other toasts followed, which were interspersed by vocal selections.

The objects of the Association are: to revive old associations among county men; to promote the social, moral, and intellectual culture of its members; to preserve and revive local reminiscences; to encourage educational and industrial objects connected with the county; and to assist, so far as funds permit, any benevolent object which the Council deems worthy of support.

The next item of the season is to be a Cinderella Dance and Musical Evening, to be held at the Bridge House Hotel on Thursday, the 16th inst.



MEN OF KENT AND KENTISH MEN AT DINNER (PRESIDED OVER BY LORD HARRIS) AT THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMS, Brixton Road.

in some unaccountable way the Government appeared to have forgotten this, for, as far as he knew, there was not a vessel in Her Majesty's Commission bearing the name either of one of her seaports of Kent or of "Invicta," and he would esteem it a favour if his Lordship would make some representation in the proper quarter. Mr. A. O. Cooper, R.N.R., responded in apt terms.

Mr. G. B. Bailey, Chairman of Council, in a very able speech, gave the toast of "The Chairman," and mentioned several incidents in connection with his Lordship's career and ancestors.

Lord Harris, who was greeted with cheers and "Kentish fire," in response promised to use such influence as he possessed to remedy the grievance complained of by Captain Owen, and, in a genial speech, said many very complimentary things about Kent as a county to be born in, to live in, and to die in. He honestly thought Kentish Men and Men of Kent, and Ladies too, many of whom were present, had very much to be proud of—its natural beauties, its historic associations, and its development.

In proposing "The Association," his Lordship remarked upon the steady increase of membership, and its objects, which were worthy of support, and thought it should have a great future before it. He regretted, however, the time at his disposal preventing his taking up an official position in connection with it, but nevertheless wished it every success.

Intending members should apply for information to Mr. H. Pinks, Honorary Secretary, 250, Burdett Road, E., or to Mr. W. T. Hearn, Honorary Assistant Secretary, 11, Fernholme Road, Nunhead, S.E.

"FUGITIVES."

One of the most gifted of the minor verse-writers, Miss Winifred Lucas deserves more and wider notice than the extremely unostentatious and gentle-toned character of her verse is likely to win for her for some time. "Fugitives" (Lane), her second volume, cannot be recommended as popular poetry. The expression is too "precious," even a little unintelligible. But the heart of it is genuine, and peculiarly tender. Then, too, she never writes a line after she has given voice to her momentary lyrical inspiration. Here is one of the plainer, the least elliptical, of her brief emotional verses—

Swift to scatter all that charms,
Hear the world her pleasures preach,
Till to silence she alarms
Life with deeper things to teach.
But for every man and each,
Hours there be beyond her harms,
Poems safe beyond her speech,
Wings that never felt her arms,
Love that meets him out of reach.

HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL.

As an old and observant Londoner—a Cockney born and bred, a street-prowler from my childhood—I now walk or ride about the City of my birth in perfect amazement. If I ride, it is on the garden-seat of a modern omnibus, as I have only to sit quiet and allow the most interesting panorama in the world to pass by me on each side. In this I have



BEDROOM COMBINED WITH SCREENED BATH-ROOM.

been imitated by common-sense Royalty. The King of Greece, a few years ago, dispensed with guides or relatives, and obtained his knowledge of the great City in this unobtrusive fashion. With me it is not only a passing amusement, but a necessity. I am driven to it to "post myself up" in the growth of the Metropolis and the more than theatrical transformation-scenes of its wonderful progress.

For a long time the North-West district of London was comparatively neglected, until the City Road, so-called from the Angel at Islington (which is in the parish of Clerkenwell) to the Bank, started its own omnibuses in 1827 in the other direction to the "Yorkshire Stingo"—a tea-garden of the past, in what was then called and known as the New Road. Many hopes were raised about the beauty this New Road, when developed, was to confer upon the Metropolis. It was to rival the combined boulevards of Paris, for which its semicircular shape was adapted, Pentonville Hill becoming a leafy Parnassus. It was under the Royal patronage of George IV., Nash, the celebrated architect, was to adorn it with stucco, but no big hotel or restaurant was ever contemplated. The City Road—the link between the Angel and the City—was advancing with the times in a business way. Its Shilliber had started omnibuses in 1827 in place of the old stage-coaches which used to go two or three times a-day and were patronised even for stages of a couple of miles, and his conductors charged sixpence for one journey or any part of a journey. There were no seats for outside passengers, except four—two on each side of the driver. The four-wheeled cab was a hackney-coach, with a driver adorned with many capes, like Courriol in "The Courier of Lyons." The "hansom" cab had not been invented, and its substitute was a kind of cabriolet, with a seat at the side, outside the hood, to accommodate the driver. Shilliber, in the beginning of the 'thirties, was opposed by Hancock (also of the City Road), who brought out a motor-car, in the shape of a steam-omnibus. This was a nine days' wonder—the marvel being that so much smoke, puffing noise, flying soot, and

furnace-stoking was tolerated, even for nine days, on the public highway. All these frantic efforts in aid of progress never seemed to encourage any hotel or restaurant bigger than the roadside tavern or inn and the humble cook-shop or eating-house. The "Yorkshire Stingo"—tea-garden and miniature Vauxhall—had its "nose put out of joint" by the Cosmorama, in the Regent's Park, and the Colosseum, in the same locality, in which the inspired Jew boy from Whitechapel with the wonderful voice—John Abraham, shortened to Braham—lost the fortune in building and management which he had made by his singing. Old Thompson's twenty-acre market-garden, in that part of the future Regent's Park nearest to the New Road, would have been added to the Colosseum by a tunnel and turned into a "Vauxhall" annexe, if it had not been coaxed out of the Government of the day at a nominal peppercorn ground-rent for the foundation of the Royal Botanical Gardens. Still, no one came forward with sufficient enterprise to build a New Road Hotel and Restaurant. The exclusive Zoological Gardens were popularised with bands, refreshment-rooms, and low prices; but it was not till almost the day before yesterday, when a new big railway company, the Central, advanced on London, and absorbed one-half of St. John's Wood, including the historic Alpha Road, associated with Charles and Mary Lamb, Wordsworth and Southey, Tom Hood, Dr. Maginn, William Hazlitt, and half the literary celebrities of the early part of the century, that the march

of events did more than the first Underground Railway in London, the Metropolitan, and the new and enlarged old-time "Madame Tussaud's," which has always been a "New Road" institution from the time when it left the Gray's Inn Road, where it first started. The foundation of the hotel attached to the railway—an independent commercial enterprise, I believe—has been no half-hearted matter. The conception and execution of this caravanserai, like many more similar hotels, have been the work of Sir Blundell Maple. It is magnificent without being oppressive. Every want is provided for, even the want of money, for an apartment on the top floor, reached by a commodious lift, decorated in the brown Empire style, can be had for three-and-sixpence a night, with every necessary comfort attached, and no extra charges for lighting and attendance. This is a reform in hotel management that cannot be too much commended. There are reading- and writing-rooms, lounging-rooms, smoking-rooms, music-rooms, billiard-rooms, drawing-rooms, private and public dining-rooms, and two table-d'hôte dinners—one at three shillings and the other at five shillings. The approaches to the hotel are good and under cover, and there is provision made for a winter-garden. The bath-rooms are numerous and on every floor, and suites of rooms, comprising bedroom, sitting-room, and bath-room, can be engaged at moderate prices, which are clearly stated in the notice-papers. No question need be asked, and no doubt can be created.

The high civilisation of the hotel recognises the facts that some people arrive, or sit up, late, and others arrive and depart, or have to rise early. For the accommodation of these visitors, there is a room called "Early and Late," which reminds one of the Café Bauer, at Berlin, which has never been closed, night or day, for a quarter of a century.

The Teleseme, used in the bedrooms, not only calls a servant, but indicates the article wanted; and the bedrooms, with bath-room attached, are models of elegance and convenience, and an improvement on those which I have seen and used in America.

The table-d'hôtes have been tried and praised by good judges. I have tried the three-shilling dinner, and I found the material of the meal fresh and good, and free from too much imitation French elaboration. I detest thin, tasteless soup, fish kept on ice, and overcooked meat or game. Above all, I like a clean table. This is the beauty of the Café Anglais, in Paris, even if the cooking is not always perfection. On the whole, the old saying in the fable may be reversed when speaking of the Great Central Hotel—"It is not a caravanserai, but a palace."

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.



GRAND ENTRANCE-HALL.



THE BANQUETING-HALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

BY NORA HOPPER.

"It's very cold," Héliér Kerouaille said. Tanneguy laughed, "*Vogue la galère!* What matters it, a little cold? We are not two delicate girls, Héliér; we are two blackguards who mean— Don't cough like that, *mon gars*; you set my teeth on edge!" He spoke roughly enough, but there was pain in the eyes that looked uneasily away from Héliér's ashen face. Héliér coughed on, but presently recovered himself a little, and sat upright on the settle, holding one hand to his labouring breast. He contrived to throw in a laugh or two, nevertheless, in the course of the *risqué* story Tanneguy was telling, as he walked to and fro the whole length of the studio, flapping his arms on his chest to keep himself warm while he talked, for the charcoal in the little stove was black and dead.

They were Bretons, these two brothers, who had been adrift in Paris for the last six years; and, at first, all things had promised well for the Kerouailles. Héliér's delicate, fanciful drawings had managed to bring them in money enough to live on modestly, until this year, when for quite six months he had been laid aside, helpless and useless, after the rupture of a bloodvessel. While he lay ill, thus, Tanneguy, who could neither draw nor paint, had made a little money by singing here and there in certain cafés; but it had all gone now, and starvation stared them in the face. But they had the strong, stubborn Breton endurance, as well as French gaiety, these two brothers, and neither would give in. When the story was done, Tanneguy tramped to and fro in dogged silence, not daring to look at his brother, for he knew there was hunger as well as mortal illness in Héliér's worn face. Presently Héliér himself broke the silence that hung heavy on them—

"Have you seen anything of Latouche lately?"

Tanneguy flushed suddenly. "No; I am glad to say I have not. He's a brute, Héliér; a slow, cold, sordid brute!"

"Granted," Héliér said quietly. "Yet you remember what he said? Yes, Guy, you do," as his brother shook his head.

Tanneguy flushed darker yet. "I remember now. But—no, Héliér, you shall not do it!"

"I should look the part, should I not?" Héliér said, standing up suddenly, tall and fair and pale. "Latouche said, 'A hundred francs for two hours' posing for Prometheus.' Only two hours—no more, you remember. It is good pay, Guy."

"We have not talked of pay hitherto," the younger brother said proudly. "Héliér, it would be so much easier to starve!"

"For one of us—yes," Héliér assented quietly. "But the little mother at Arvor must not lose us both, Guy. And there is Lotte, too. . . . *Mon cher*, you are the cadet of the house—I have made up my mind." Then the set look in his face broke into entreaty: "Help me through with it, Guy."

Tanneguy forced a smile, and took the other's hot, thin hand in his.

"We shall find Latouche somewhere on the Boule' Miché," he said cheerfully. "Your coat is at the Mont-de-Piété, Héliér, so you must wear my cloak, though it will be too short for you." It was so short that Héliér could not help but laugh when he drew it round him, ill as he was. His eyes were bright still with laughter as they passed down the boulevard, and soon the sharp wind brought a flush of colour into his worn face, so that it had all its old beauty and something more of spirituality when their good genius led them across the path of Michel Latouche, the painter of "*Esclairmonde*," the finest picture in the last year's Salon.

"Fine day. I've just come from England, and left it wrapped in fogs. We manage November better here in Paris. Well, Guy, what are you doing with Héliér here on the Boule' Miché? He looks fitter for his bed."

"I am bringing you your 'Prometheus Bound,'" Tanneguy said gravely. A sudden light of pleasure leapt into Latouche's small grey eyes, brightening his whole heavy face.

"Is it so? You won't back out, Héliér? It's a difficult pose, you know."

"No."

"Come, then!" Latouche said eagerly. "I was going to the Chat Noir, not hoping for such luck as this; but now . . ." He rattled on gaily and inconsequently till they reached the studio, and then he fell into a brown study, which lasted till Héliér had put off his shabby clothes for the black tunic of Prometheus. Then he roused himself and fell to conning the young man over from head to heel.

"Admirable! . . . perfect!" he muttered, touching the thin arms Héliér had folded on his breast. "Couldn't be better. . . . Guy, *mon cher*, what will you do with yourself while I paint? Eau-de-vie, Héliér, or a cup of café noir?"

"Eau-de-vie," Héliér said hastily. "For me—that is. Tanneguy will drink coffee; he must keep his head clear: he has business to do. I shall suit you then as a model, Michel?"

"My dear Héliér, admirably!"

"The terms we arranged before. . . ." Héliér's face was very proud now, but his lips were trembling. "A hundred francs for the day . . . paid in advance."

"Paid in advance?" Latouche raised his eyebrows as he went to

his desk and counted out some notes. "Of course, if you wish. But the whole day, my dear Héliér! Two hours would do, I think."

"I will give you as long as you please, Michel, to-day," Héliér returned. "To-morrow I cannot answer for. . . . Yes, Tanneguy, I am quite fit for it," as Tanneguy made some murmured remonstrance. "Take the money, dear lad," in a lower voice, "and go and get a good dinner. I shall eat here with Michel. Yes—why not? Go, Guy, and come back for me when—when it is too dark to paint."

"May I not stop and watch, Michel?"

"My dear Guy, I cannot paint with an audience. Surely," with an unpleasant smile, "you do not wish Héliér to do nothing to earn his money. At sunset, *mon chou!*"

"At sunset, Monsieur Latouche," Tanneguy said, with a haughty look at the artist and a glance of tender anxiety towards Héliér, as he put the notes in his *porte-monnaie* and walked out of the studio. Héliér laughed a little as the door closed upon him.

"Yes, we Bretons are proud; prouder than you Normans, Michel. Do I look like it, still?"

"You look like death," Latouche said brutally. "But talk all you please," the painter added tranquilly, "as long as you don't move hand or foot, Héliér."

"You have seen well to that," Héliér said, checking a groan, for the pain of the checked blood in his wrists and ankles was growing well-nigh unbearable. "You are an ingenious devil, Michel!"

"Thank you, *mon ami*. Do you feel faint? May I give you some more eau-de-vie?"

"This pain will keep me from fainting," Héliér said grimly. "Yes, you are very ingenious, Michel!"

"Again, thanks. You are the most perfect Prometheus I ever dreamed of!"

Héliér lay still for a while, saying nothing, though it was difficult to endure silently the anguish of the thwarted blood in feet and hands. "Guy must not know," he told himself over and over again. "Guy would kill Michel . . . and then Guy would have to try Dr. Deibler's cure . . . and what would the little mother say? . . . I am growing light-headed; I must keep myself in hand." He writhed round upon the rock on which he lay, and met Michel's unmoved eyes fixed upon him.

"Guy is not to know," he said, forcing his dry lips to speak coherently; "do you hear?"

"For my own skin's sake," Latouche said drily, "I agree. Well, Prometheus, we are getting on, and you are a splendid sitter. No, don't shut your eyes; I want to give Prometheus just that look—a god helpless in the hands of a mortal. Do you believe in the divinity of man, my dear Héliér?"

"I used not to. I do now," Héliér said wearily.

"I wonder why. Explain it to me, Héliér—I mean, Prometheus—if it will not fatigue you. Why don't you groan, man, if you want to? There's only me to hear you," as Héliér closed his lips resolutely.

"I knew . . . to-day . . .," Héliér said, between pauses, "just now, I mean . . . that one man can . . . love another enough . . . to be crucified for him."

"I gather that you are thinking of Guy and yourself. I congratulate you on your powers of endurance, Héliér."

"You are a mocking devil, Michel—"

"No, I assure you, *mon gars*; only a hard-working painter. Well"—painting away busily—"this is your cross, then, you think? Prometheus, you are a poet as well as a Titan."

Héliér did not answer; he lay quite still, with his head drooping on his shoulder and his blue eyes half-shut. Presently he opened them, and saw that the splash of sunlight on the floor had shifted further westward. Michel was standing near him, looking faintly anxious.

"I hope my love of art has not incommoded you much, Héliér," he said, drawing nearer. "You have been posing three hours, and I shall be happy to let you off the rest of the afternoon." He was unfastening the bandages as he spoke, and the agony of the released blood drove a sharp cry from Héliér.

"Here . . . you are stiff, I daresay," Latouche went on, putting his arm under Héliér's head. "Let me help you to your feet, *mon gars*." He half-lifted him as he spoke, but Héliér's feet refused to support him, and, with a groan that was half a laugh, he fell back in Latouche's arms.

"Carry me . . . or lay me down," he whispered. "I cannot stand, Michel." Latouche dragged forward an arm-chair, and Héliér fell into it, and lay there panting for a few minutes. Then he said, in a voice that was almost strong, "Tell Guy that I died easily, Michel. I am dying hard, but don't let him know. Say . . . I—I enjoyed every . . . minute of my life . . . he is to tell the little mother that. Michel, I shall not show—afterwards—that I died hard. You will see to that?"

"Yes," said Michel Latouche gruffly. "Are you cold, Héliér?"

The bare foot he touched was like ice, and so were the drooping hands; but Héliér was past feeling chill or warmth.

"Have you . . . come?" he was whispering, staring at the door with eyes that did not see. "*Mon petit Tanneguy, d'où viens-tu? où vas-tu? Maman nous appelle à faire nos . . . nos—Guy . . . ?*" Michel Latouche snatched from an open drawer a tiny silver crucifix blackened with age, and held it to Héliér's lips, . . . but they had no strength to kiss the holy emblem. "Guy!" they said faintly once more, and then all fetters were broken off the tired limbs of Prometheus Bound.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Miss Mabel Archdall, who is playing the part of Maggie in Mr. Sturgess's "Rightful Heir," on tour, holds quite a unique position in that opera in being the only lady in the cast, while she brings with her a considerable experience, considering her as yet short career on the stage.



MISS MABEL ARCHDALL,
WHO PLAYS MARY IN "CAPTAIN BIRCHELL'S
LUCK," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

In "La Périhole," at the Garrick, she personated one of the cousins, Manuelita, and her pleasing soprano voice was heard to advantage at the Royalty in the operetta, "A Hundred Years Ago," written by Mr. Henry J. Wood, who has been Miss Archdall's voice-instructor. Among the comedy parts which she has played are those of Gilberte in "My Friend the Prince," and Minnie Gilfillian in "Sweet Lavender," while she made a decided "hit" in the title-rôle of "Jane" to Mr. Harry Nicholls's William.

The clever little travesty of Mr. Sydney Grundy's somewhat "sultry" comedy, "The Degenerates"—a travesty put on a few days ago, when "El Capitan" was transferred from the Lyric to the Comedy—is a kind of reversion to type, as Darwinianly inclined theatrical folk might say. In other words, the humorous little skit,

the work of an American gentleman, Mr. W. H. Post, reminds one of the days when English playwrights did not think it derogatory to write half-hour or hour-long parodies of current successes, of a larger type, and when comedians did not think it beneath them to act in such pieces of harmless but hilarious fooling. This skit, named "The Regenerates," is not only brightly written, but brightly played, especially by Mr. De Wolf Hopper, Miss Marion Giroux, and that diminutive droll, Miss Jessie Mackaye. On the first-night of "The Regenerates," a profound impression was created by an actor who, in the burlesquing of Mr. Charles Hawtrey's part in "The Degenerates," startled all present by his realistic imitation of that excellent comedian. This mimic subsequently proved to be Mr. Hawtrey himself, who kindly "obliged" owing to the gentleman cast for the part (namely, Mr. Harold Blake) being unable to appear by reason of illness. This gentleman is now in possession of the part, and is doing well therein. The lively opera "El Capitan" gives every indication of prospering in its new home.

The Comedy is about to have a very close neighbour in the theatre line. This new playhouse, which is being designed by Mr. Frank Verity, is to be situated at the opposite corner of Oxenden Street to that occupied in part by the Comedy, and is to be a large house, with a frontage in Panton Street.

Speaking of new theatres, it seems more than likely that a new playhouse to open before the projected one in Panton Street will be that which the exceedingly wealthy Mr. Lowenfeld some time ago arranged to build very near the Shaftesbury and the Palace Theatres. This is to be a very fine playhouse, and is to be run chiefly on those comic-opera lines which Mr. Lowenfeld found for the most part so successful during his six years' tenancy of the Prince of Wales's.

As to the Prince of Wales's, an important change is imminent in the class of entertainment at that house. Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his histrionic partner, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who have both at this theatre and previously at the Lyceum hitherto pinned their managerial faith to plays that were, to say the least of it, of a somewhat sombre kind, will next Wednesday, the 15th inst., essay apparently quite a lively kind of piece—for them. This is a light "Society" comedy written by Miss Constance Fletcher, who when novel-writing usually disguised herself in the pen-name of "George Fleming." Indeed, this clever lady was thus disguised when her first play—"Mrs. Lessingham," to which was tried at the Garrick a few years ago. Her latest play-writing venture is called "The Canary," and in it Mrs. Patrick Campbell impersonate a "Society" lady, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson will enact the character of a somewhat giddy short-story writer, if you please.

The more or less noble army of dramatists is about to be still further increased by the inclusion of Mr. W. Louis Bradfield, the quiet comedian who, with his bright little wife, Miss Gracie Leigh, is doing so excellent work at Daly's. When Mr. Bradfield "commences author," as they used to say in the days of good Queen Anne (since dead)—if play-writing work is equal to his play-acting, it should prove successful.

A week or two ago it was understood, and on the best official authority, that Mr. Arthur Roberts would, about Christmas-time, make his reappearance in London at the Opéra Comique, which long-closed theatre had been secured (and was about to be extensively altered and re-decorated) by Messrs. Abud, Lewis, and Canby, who appear to be snapping up all sorts of theatrical property. Within the last day or two, however, some rather severe dissensions have (alas!) broken

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